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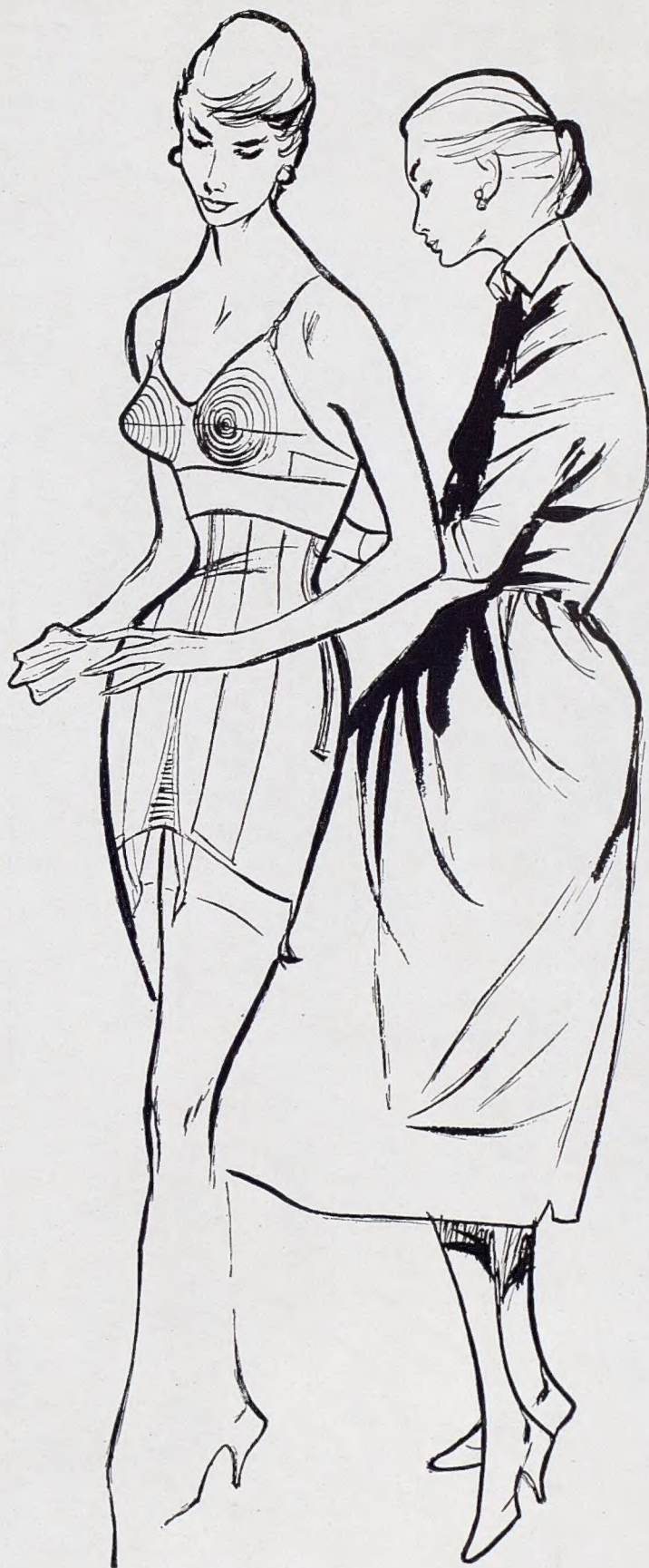
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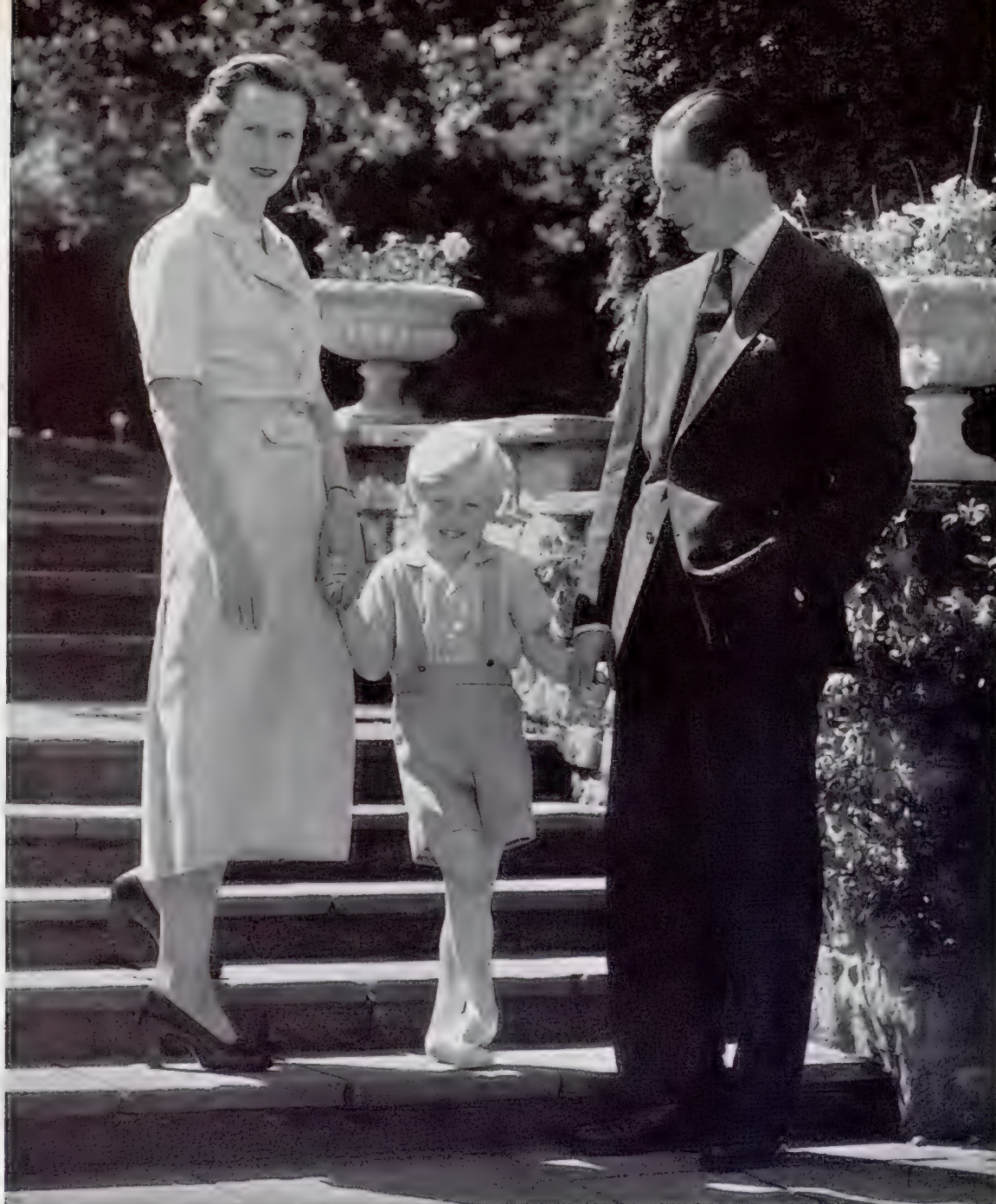


Baron

## A RICHLY GIFTED YOUNG SOPRANO

JACQUELINE DELMAN, who made a great impression on television's "Music For You" some two months ago, started her artistic career at Aida Foster's dancing school. At seventeen she began studying voice with Mark Raphael, continuing in Milan. A most successful tour of concerts in Italian towns was followed by broadcasts in Italy and Switzerland, and opera in Rome. She is paying a return television visit here on Good Friday





Bassano

THE NEW MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS OF ABERGAVENNY in the gardens of Eridge Castle, near Tunbridge Wells, with the Marquess's six-year-old son and heir, the Earl of Lewes. The Marquess succeeded to the title on the death of his father at the end of March. Besides the Earl they have three daughters, the Ladies Anne, Vivien and Rose Larnach-Nevill. Before her wedding to the Marquess in 1938, the Marchioness was Miss Patricia Harrison. She is a niece of Lord Burnham

## Social Journal

## Jennifer

# The Tea-party Renaissance

SINCE the Royal Presentation Parties at Buckingham Palace took place in March instead of the more usual months of May or June there has been much more entertaining during Lent. Parents have had to get their girls back from Paris, Italy, Switzerland, wherever they were finishing, at least six weeks before the season really starts, which is the beginning of May, and it is hardly worth the expense of fares to send them back for the last month.

Although very few private dances were planned before Easter, a succession of cocktail parties were arranged during the week of the Presentation Parties. These have

continued almost nightly, until the time has come for the débutantes to leave for the country with their parents for Easter.

AN innovation this year has been the old-fashioned tea parties for débutantes alone, and at which no young men are present. These have been a great success. One of the biggest was the joint tea party given by three hostesses, Lady Starkey, Mrs. York and the Hon. Mrs. Casey, who are all bringing out their daughters this season. It took place in a large room at Lady Starkey's club, the Ladies Carlton in Grosvenor Gardens, when over 100 débutantes were present.

The three younger hostesses, Miss Caroline Starkey, Miss Caroline York and Miss Anna

Casey, exceptionally vivacious and happy girls, are great friends, having all been to school at Southover and to the same finishing school in Paris. They are now going to share their coming out dance in London on June 9, and their friends have already nicknamed them "The Three Musketeers." They were charming little hostesses, and when I arrived it was a very happy scene, with lots of gay chatter and address books being filled in frantically at intervals.

I noticed Miss Sarah Askew, who is fair and bears a remarkable resemblance to her mother, Lady Susan Askew, Miss Prue McCorquodale, a charming girl who told me her mother, Mrs. Malcolm McCorquodale, was at the moment unfortunately in a nursing home for an operation, but hoped to be about again before the season is over. Prue's dance has, wisely, been postponed until the autumn. Her cousin, Miss Rhona McCorquodale, was also at the party. She is having her coming out dance at Badminton, which the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort have kindly lent for the occasion on May 21.

I ALSO saw Miss Anne Norton-Griffiths, whose mother, Lady Norton-Griffiths, was over from Brussels for the Presentation Parties' week and is coming over again for part of her daughter's season, the Hon. Mary Stopford, fair-haired Miss





Sarah Rose, from Jersey, and Miss Nancy Barclay were in gay mood at this gathering in Grosvenor Place



Miss Romaine Capper chatting with Miss Sally Clive, daughter of Brig. Archer-Clive and the Hon. Mrs. David Bowlby



Miss Anna Casey, Miss Caroline York and Miss Caroline Starkey, the three young girls for whom the party was given

Fiona Omax and petite and fair Miss Linda McNair Scott.

Miss Janet Illingworth was there—she is also sharing her coming-out dance with two friends, Miss Lily O'Dwyer and Miss Gillian Ireland. The party takes place at the Guards' Club, Maidenhead, on the Friday before Royal Ascot, June 11. Miss Russell and the Hon. Janet Hamilton, a group of friends and nearby I saw the Hon. Mrs. Anna Orloff, and Miss Sally Clive, who is to be as pretty as her mother, the Hon. Mrs. David Bowlby who, when she made her debut at the Portman, was one of the prettiest girls in the room.

★ ★ ★

The following day there were three of these parties for débutantes, but all much smaller ones. Perhaps the most original was given by Mrs. Robin McAlpine gave in their new flat for a young friend, Miss Claire Ingram, who has finished her schooling in Florence. Besides having a good tea, the young guests were able to consult a fortune-teller which caused great amusement. From the happy smiles on their faces after hearing their fortunes told I can only assume that most of the girls had had a wonderful future forecast for them.

Among those I met at this party were Miss Hilary Morris, who had enjoyed lunching with her father, Mr. Gwyn Morris, in the fine setting of the Middle Temple earlier that day, Miss Carina Boyle, who has given up her couture classes until the end of the season, Miss Carolyn Barclay, one of the prettiest débutantes this year, the twin sisters Miss Audrey and Miss Lorna Maude-Roxby, who were at school at Downe House with Claire, the Hon. Susan James, who is having her dance at the Ritz (the first débutante dance to be held there since the war), and Viscount Cowdray's two nieces, Miss Mary-Anne Hare, who has great poise and the most charming manners, and Miss Wanda Willert.

★ ★ ★

I RECENTLY saw an extremely interesting film, most of which was shot at sea. This was a colour picture brilliantly taken by the Australian author, Capt. Alan Villiers, a master mariner, who has written many interesting books. He travelled from Portugal to Newfoundland and Greenland with some vessels of the magnificently equipped Portuguese fishing fleet, which goes off to northern waters for four or five months every year. Although sailing ships, they are the last word in modernity. Built with perfect lines, they have well-heated quarters for the men, large cold storage room for the catch, and an up-to-date refrigeration system for stores, and each is fitted with radio telephone.

Capt. Villiers, who gave a very entertaining and instructive commentary with the film, showed us

the fishermen baiting their lines, and then launching their dories, or small flat bottomed boats, in which they go out to sea for the day, fishing alone. They return to the ship at dusk with their catch, which is sometimes so big that the little boats are laden low in the water. This looks the most hazardous work but happily, with the aid of radio, there are few casualties. In the old days, fog coming down quickly was a great danger, but now the small craft can be safely guided back to the parent ship.

The film was shown at a delightful party given by the Portuguese Ambassador at his Embassy in Belgrave Square. His Excellency, who is himself a skilful yachtsman and passionately fond of the sea, made a brief introductory speech to his guests who included the Norwegian Ambassador, the Italian Ambassador and Mme. Brosio, and the Spanish Ambassador, who has been a close friend of his host and his family for many years. Mary Duchess of Devonshire, who sat on the right of her host and next to the Norwegian Ambassador at supper, watched the film sitting in the front row next to Viscountess Waverley, who came to the party with Viscount Waverley. Just behind was Mary Duchess of Roxburghe, looking charming in grey lace, sitting next to Mr. Peter Coats.

AFTER the film, which was shown in the first-floor ballroom, all went down to supper which was served at small tables in the pale green-walled dining room and the library on the same floor. As at all his parties the Ambassador's two daughters, Madeleine and Clara, had done the floral decorations, and the original fruit arrangements, exquisitely, and helped with the details for the supper. At the party both enchanting young hostesses were going round looking after their guests like their father.

The all too often forgotten art of witty and intelligent conversation shone during supper where the wine, and the brandy which was drunk as a liqueur, had come from the host's own vineyards in Portugal. Connoisseurs present described it as exceptionally good.

A few of the other guests enjoying this excellent party were Mr. Oliver and Lady Moira Lyttelton, Mr. Alan and Lady Patricia Lennox-Boyd, Viscount and Viscountess Kemsley and her daughter, Mrs. Ghislaine Alexander, looking very glamorous in a fawn lace dress, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Cavendish-Bentinck, Mrs. Weissweiler and her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Woods—the latter like her host is a great sailing enthusiast—and Maj.-Gen. Sir Guy and Lady Salisbury-Jones who brought their daughter, Marietta. We shall soon be able to read the General's book on the life of the late French Marshal de Lattre de Tassigny called *So Full A Glory*, which is to be published today, April 14, and is, I am told

(Continued overleaf)

TEA FOR THREE and their friends was given at the Ladies Carlton Club by the mothers of a trio of débutantes. The party of eighty enjoyed a most rewarding time, exchanging addresses and plans for the season with enthusiasm



Miss Sally Russell, Miss Adele Wynne-Williams and Miss Carole Bailey were also there



The Hon. Mary Stopford, daughter of Viscount Stopford, and Miss Anne Norton-Griffiths being welcomed by Lady Starkey, a joint-hostess





Mrs. David Wilkinson talking to Col. R. F. J. Hayward, V.C., M.C., R.A.S.C. The Ball is at Hurlingham on July 6



Sir Malcolm Trustram Eve with Lady Trustram Eve, Ball Chairman, and Mrs. Warren Pearl, C.B.E., the Deputy Chairman



Mrs. V. W. Warren Pearl talking to Mrs. Michael Lewis. The Ball will raise funds for the ex-Services Welfare Society

#### Members Of The Purple Cross Ball Committee Met Supporters At St. James's Palace

#### Jennifer's Social Journal (Contd.)

## Pictures In Mayfair, Poems In Norway

by someone who has read the proofs, a notable work. The late Viscount Norwich wrote the foreword for this book, one of the last pieces of writing he did before he died.

★ ★ ★

THAT grand actress Margaret Rutherford has been in Norway giving recitals of poetry and music in conjunction with the young Canadian pianist Malcolm Troup. These have been a tremendous success in Bergen, Oslo and other Norwegian towns, which is not surprising, as besides being a fine actress, Miss Rutherford is a most lovable personality, while Malcolm Troup is a pianist who is already making a name for himself in England.

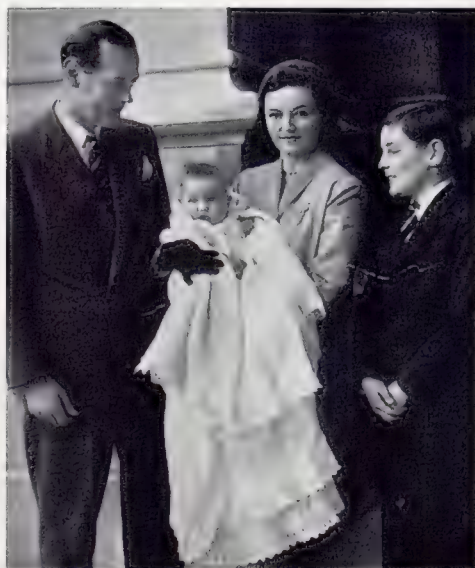
These two artists also paid an official visit to Copenhagen and Odense at the beginning of this month for the Hans Andersen Anniversary, during which Margaret Rutherford was the guest of honour at a civic reception given by the Danish Actors' Association. Before leaving London, she was the guest of honour at a reception at the Dorchester, given by the Anglo-Norse Society who sponsored the trip to Norway. During the reception, Sir Michael Balcon gave an informal talk on producing the film *The Return Of The Vikings*. Among those who came to wish the two artists an agreeable stay in their country was Mr. Jacobson, Counsellor at the Norwegian Embassy.

★ ★ ★

PARSONS Gallery in Grosvenor Street was very full of friends who had come to the opening of Mollie Forestier-Walker's exhibition of pastels and paintings which she has called "People and Flowers." The exhibition was opened by Lt. Col. Harry Llewellyn, whose wife, the Hon. Mrs. Llewellyn, was also at the opening. Enchanting pastel drawings of their two young sons, David and Roderick, hang on each side of the big portrait of Valerie Hobson, painted in one of the costumes she wears in *The King And I*. Another charming portrait of a child is of Paul Brandram, whose parents, Major and Lady Katherine Brandram, were both at

the opening. Nearby is a picture of Miss Marietta Salisbury-Jones, who came with her parents, Maj.-Gen. Sir Guy and Lady Salisbury-Jones, Miss Camilla Beddington and Miss Francesca Fummi. There is also an interesting portrait of Miss Constance Spry with a vase of flowers in the background, which I am sure was never arranged by herself or by one of her students.

Lord Morris looked in for a short while, as did Lady Margaret Dawnay to see the portrait of her son James. Lady Theodosia Cadogan was there, also Lady Rhys-Williams with her daughters, Lady Davson and Miss Elspeth Rhys-Williams, and



ROBERT JAMES ORR-EWING proudly wears his heirloom christening robe in the crypt of the House of Commons. He is the son of Mr. Charles Orr-Ewing, M.P. for Hendon North, and Mrs. Orr-Ewing. With them also is their son Simon, aged thirteen

grandaughters Caroline and Victoria, who are among the children portrayed on the walls.

The artist, Mrs. Forestier-Walker, wearing a white satin hat with her clerical grey dress, and her husband, Mr. Rodney Forestier-Walker, were both surrounded by friends wanting to have a word with them and wishing to congratulate her on her work. A share of all proceeds of pictures sold, or commissions taken during the exhibition, goes to the Save the Children Fund, and before Lt. Col. Llewellyn opened the exhibition, M. Phranzes, Counsellor at the Greek Embassy, made a short speech and said how grateful they were for all efforts to increase this Fund.

★ ★ ★

I WENT to a most enjoyable small cocktail party given by Lord and Lady Derwent in their charming London home in Great Cumberland Place. This was in honour of Lady Derwent's daughter, Mme. Pierre Hammerel, who was over from France for a brief visit. The host and hostess, Lady Derwent looking very chic in an emerald green gown, had only returned themselves three days previously from a trip in Portugal which they had both enjoyed tremendously and were enthusiastic about the beauty of the blossom there at this time of year.

Their son, the Hon. Robin Johnstone, who is working in the Foreign Office, was there to help his parents, a wonderful host and hostess, to entertain their guests who included Countess Howe, Mr. Stephen Robinson, who was on his own as his wife had injured a vertebrae in her neck, Mr. and Mrs. Noel Pace, Mrs. Cottril, accompanied by her daughter, Lady Rose Bligh, who came out last year, and has since been working hard on a secretarial course, and Lord and Lady Stamp. Lord Stamp still had his foot in plaster as a result of a fall off a ladder, when he badly fractured his heel.

★ ★ ★

MADAME MASSIGLI is Joint President with the Marquess of Reading of the Anglo-French Ball, which is to take place at the Dorchester on June 22. It is being organized to raise funds for the French Hospital in London, which was opened in 1867, and now has seventeen wards containing seventy beds, also an operating theatre, X-ray department and laboratory, casualty rooms and a dispensary. It is not for French patients only, but is run for the benefit of all nationalities requiring medical relief. There are two resident medical officers, and the trained nurses are Sisters of Charity. The hospital is not in the National Health Scheme and is dependent upon voluntary contributions.

Madame Massigli was unfortunately not able to be present at this first meeting for her doctors had





Graeme Gordon had been talking Miss Gay Pinckney, for whom the party was given



The hostess and her son, Mr. David Pinckney, having a cocktail together after the guests had arrived



In the library, Dr. Charles Pinckney, the host, and Mr. Gerald Pinckney were entertaining Mrs. Harold Green

MRS CHARLES PINCKNEY was hostess at a cocktail party at her home in Albert Hall Mansions for her debutante daughter Gay. It was a delightful event and greatly appreciated by the Pinckney family's wide circle of friends

...er to take three days complete rest, as she was suffering from severe fatigue. The Comtesse de Chanel, wife of the Minister Counsellor of the French Embassy, who is Chairman of the ball, had for Mme. Massigli and received the Comtesse who was looking very chic in a dress made of silk with a small pink spot. Helping her was a young girl, very neat in black; her husband is a doctor at the Embassy. The Comtesse de Chanel later took the chair very efficiently for the meeting and before the close of proceedings 100 tickets had been sold.

The evening promises to be a very gay evening with a good supper, cabaret and excellent supper. There is to be, this year, a tombola which will have some very valuable prizes, many of which are generously donated from France by the Paris fashion houses. Tickets for the ball may be obtained from the Comtesse de Crouy-Chanel, 79 Davies Street, W.1. Among those who came to the meeting were Mrs. John Dewar, wearing a royal blue hat with her black coat, Mrs. John Ward, Lady Gale, sitting next to Mrs. Cavendish-Bentinck and Mrs. Holland-Martin, Mrs. Rennie-O'Mahoney, who was off a few days later to spend part of the Easter holidays in the South of France, Mrs. Leonard Simpson and Mrs. Antony Norman whom I met during tea.

★ ★ ★

THE Guards' Boat Club Ball at Maidenhead is once again going to take place on two consecutive nights in Royal Ascot week, June 16 and 17. This arrangement was found so successful last year that it has been decided to do the same again owing to the great demand for tickets in recent years. Even with the ball spread over two nights, tickets may, as last year, get sold out quite early as it is always one of the gayest functions of the season.

The gardens are all lit with fairy lights and dancing takes place in the ballroom where long french windows can be thrown open for the evening. Supper is always excellent and unlike most other such other functions, there are punts, canoes and other craft to take guests up the river between dances. The many young guests who make up a big proportion of the dancers at this annual event will be glad to hear that a piper will play for reels each evening.

Tickets can be obtained through members only, who should apply to the Secretary, Guards' Boat Club, Maidenhead, Berks.



Miss Gillian Ireland-Smith was describing a recent ball she had attended to Mr. Desmond Pryor



The festive atmosphere was being well expressed by Miss Lindsay Forsyth and Mr. John Shipton



Miss Marigold Arnott and Mr. Tom Wright were drinking a toast to the forthcoming season



Miss Dawn Lawrence and Mr. Roderick Bloomfield laughing at an impromptu "turn" by one of the guests

Claston Evans





Using their van as a grandstand were Mrs. W. A. Hicks, Miss Anne Hicks, Miss Sally Gilroy and Mr. David Hicks



Gratifying excitement was being shown in the finish of the Maiden Race by John and Michael Baring, and Lord Camrose's granddaughter Caroline Berry, daughter of the Hon. Julian and Mrs. Berry

## PICNIC PRELUDE TO H.H. 'CHASES

CARS were three deep along the finishing straight at the Hampshire Hunt meeting, one of the best attended point-to-points of the season. The rendezvous was Hackwood Park, near Basingstoke, home of Viscount Camrose. It was a perfect spring day and many spectators arrived early for a picnic luncheon before racing began



Mr. H. Dawnay, son of Major-Gen. D. Dawnay, was taking Miss Sarah Wignall to the paddock



Col. P. M. Wiggin chatting with Miss Myra Newbery, who was riding in the Ladies Race



Capt. J. Cameron-Hayes and Mrs. P. M. Wiggin in the paddock before the Adjacent Hunts Race



An alfresco luncheon in the sunshine for Mr. I. A. F. Donnelly, Marcia Donnelly, Mrs. Donnelly, Miss Susan Bostock from Guernsey, and Miles Donnelly





Mrs. R. H. Turner, Mr. Peter Turner and Mr. P. N. Fuller had climbed on to the back of their car to get a better view of the finish of the Maiden Race from the Hampshire Hunt enclosure



William Mark, first whip of the H.H., accompanying Lt.-Col. J. A. T. Bower, the starter, to the post



Mrs. Goschen and Mr. H. K. Goschen, joint-Master, were talking to Mr. G. Barnes (committee) on the grey



Christopher Price displays the trophy won by his father's horse to his parents, Col. and Mrs. D. K. Price



Miss Jane Cook and Mr. Peter Hicks were watching the start of the Members' Race together

## AT THE RACES

# From Fences To Flat

• Sabretache •

NO sooner is the Grand National over, and we have begun to realize how futile it really is to waste our time betting on the two most dangerous races in the calendar, than we forget all about the jumping, and almost have difficulty in remembering what won this year's great roll, bowl, or pitch contest!

Some people dislike steeplechasing because their money is always in the air; some because it is the coldest entertainment next to coursing; and some, the tender-hearted, because they can't "abide" seeing the poor horses and the poor jockeys knocked about.

All these are good reasons, no doubt, but the rock-bottom one so far as the audience is concerned is the knowledge that even the safest can fall, and that falls are very rare on the flat. It's the money which does most of the talking. If steeplechasing has its risks, and it never has been a game for the tenderfoot, how about these early months of the flat, especially after such a winter as the one which we have just put behind us—perhaps? There is a well-accepted saying that a trainer has no more difficult job than to try to win both the Guineas and the Derby; and though it has been done quite often, there is no real reason why this particular double should ever come off.

IT is quite as big a gamble as the one with which we have just been concerned, and it is a rash thing to bet on any three-year-old until we know a great deal more than we can possibly do at the moment. I am sure that in these early months of the season the best tip is to stop your ears exactly as those sailors did when the Syrens were about. That old adventurer, Ulysses, knew his job. So do not let us listen to what the butler told the cook until we have seen Darius, Landau, or even Infatuation, in public. Two of them have already in their nursery days had the "No thank you" mark put upon them, and, so far as we can see, both of them are of the kind that wants paying for whatever it does. They are not good betting media as a rule. Coltishness and cheek can be very expensive to the serious-minded punter if it is indulged in at the wrong moment.

THAT sort of thing always seems to me exactly like the little boy trying to be funny, or the selfconscious one trying to show off. Very few of these young things are bloody-minded when they are foaled, and it is probable that they only get like that through being allowed to have their own way at the wrong moment. There is such a lot in that old saying "Spare the rod and spoil the child."

The main idea, of course, should be to make the culprit realize the intimate connection between the crime and the punishment. It is of no manner of use handing him a couple half an hour after the occurrence; for he is bound to misunderstand, and it will have no real effect. Misbehaviour has to be nipped in the bud if it is to be cured. We do not know, of course, whether these youthful signs will become set habits, but I think it would be prudent to wait and see before we let them have anything to do with our monetary transactions.

At the moment, bar Infatuation, none of the Young Entry is very alluring!







DANCING TO THE BEAT OF DOLLARS: Vera Simpson (Carol Bruce) is no longer bewitched by Joey (Harold Lang) and certainly not bothered or bewildered by the blackmailing aspirations of Gladys (Jean Brampton), or by the too slick theatrical agent Ludlow Lowell (Lou Jacobi)

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations  
by Emmwood

## At the Theatre

### "Pal Joey" (Princes)

CAN a musical comedy get by without a hero? Is a song and dance show conceivable without a gay, lovable rascal as its central figure? Way back before America had come into the war, two writers of musicals, Mr. Richard Rodgers and Mr. Lorenz Hart, decided to try out the revolutionary idea. They wrote a musical about an out and out heel.

The experiment was a failure at first, but when the show was revived after the war—and after Sinatra had sold some millions of copies of a record of one of its songs, the faintly improper "Bewitched, Bothered And Bewildered"—Broadway took to it wholeheartedly. Now Mr. Jack Hylton has risked bringing the piece to London, emboldened no doubt by the enormous vogue which the music of Mr. Rodgers has gained in this country through *Oklahoma!*, *South Pacific* and other celebrated products of his collaboration with Mr. Oscar Hammerstein. In spite of this vogue, the risk is considerable. American audiences are tougher minded than we have yet learned to be in the light musical theatre, and *Pal Joey* takes a bit of swallowing.

JOEY is a terrible fellow. He has no brains, he has no morals, he has no manners. His only human quality is a ferocious ambition to see his name in lights as the king-pin of a night club—that and a certain something which appeals for a short while to the simple heart of the heroine and piques (for a short while) the jaded taste of an adventurous middle-aged lady with a rich husband. The story shows the gigolo exhausting the patience of his protectress ("I have known a dance-band leader with a better mind," she remarks with bitterness), and with a final twist of his heel grinding into dust the illusions of the heroine. He is obviously a stiff proposition for any leading man. But Mr. Harold Lang is an American, and he knows just how to make the toughness of the character tell.

His is what may be called an astutely long-term performance. He seems at first to be out to make us really detest this unedifying gentleman. He puts such stress on Joey's insufferable insolence, on his failure to impress the least exacting chorus girl with his ridiculously tall stories, and on his general untrustworthiness, that as the performance goes on we begin in our perverse way almost to like a man for whom apparently there is no good whatsoever to be said. A sort of turning point comes when we realize that though Joey can sing no better than any actual run-of-the-mill night-club singer, he has a real talent as a hooper.

THE play's most successful scene is the ballet in which Joey, now sure of the rich lady's financial backing, conjures up the vision of a vast, vulgar night club and dances his dream of domination. Mr. Lang dances this scene superbly; and after that display of spirit we slowly cease to find Joey altogether detestable and to feel rather sorry for him. He becomes a sympathetic character.

This is something of a triumph for the actor over one of the most unsympathetic parts ever written for the hero of a musical. But if Mr. Lang had been less successful it is still possible that the sordid story would have been largely redeemed by the playing of Miss Carol Bruce.

She also is American and she has a personality which English audiences will find no difficulty in liking. To her falls the famous song and she renders it in a deep, lazy contralto which puts it across for all that it is worth. Yet it is less the confidence of her singing that makes her contribution to the evening important than the sense of a real personality which she spreads over the playing of the deplorable lady who falls for Joey and ceases just in time to be bewitched, bothered and bewildered by the little heel. The background of the story is little more than a succession of cabaret dances. They are energetic, and most of them are in the near-nude.



MIKE (ARTHUR LOWE) as the cynical and more than disillusioned owner of the South Side Night Club in Chicago





Mr. Jack Hylton, who presented "Pal Joey," paused for a while to watch the performance with a critical, but on the whole appreciative, eye

**FIRST-NIGHT EXCITEMENT** was marked at the opening of the celebrated Broadway musical *Pal Joey* at the Princes Theatre. A first-night audience, conditioned to musicals of distinctly open-air aspect, found, paradoxically enough, this indoor idyll refreshing



Mr. and Mrs. Louis Pezaro were among the earliest arrivals to see this long-awaited production



Two transatlantic members of the audience—Mrs. Tom Pedi and Miss Barry Wharton, who live in New York



Keenly awaiting the rise of the curtain were Miss Priscilla d'Arcy and Miss Daphne Hoeman



Lord Vivian lent a hand when Mrs. Horace de Vere Cole accidentally tore the hem of her skirt

## London Linelight



Lionel Jeffries, Valerie Hanson and Richard Warner forward the plot at the Arts

## Puck's Channel

### Flight

THE late Jean Giraudoux's twenty-year-old fantasy, *The Enchanted*, now at the Arts, has as many facets of thought, charm, philosophy and beauty as a well-cut crystal. It is the story of a young girl who falls in love with a ghost, or the comedy of a pompous official trying to combat a metaphysical world, or the idyll of a French country town, as you will. Giraudoux's wit, his prophetic wisdom and his mockery of wisdom sparkle through each phase irresistibly.

Here is an evening of delight, the best thing this theatre has done for several years. It is the ideal play for yourself, your aunt, or your favourite don, and it should be compulsory treatment for all learned persons discussing the H-bomb. Lionel Jeffries, who improves on each occasion, gives an affectionate performance, the lovers, Valerie Hanson and Emrys Jones, display innocence and charm in perfect proportion, and there is no single "also ran" in the entire production.

THE little Irving Theatre now offers comfort as well as entertainment to its patrons. The new late revue, *End of an Evening*, supplies the latter and tip-up seats the former. A modest hour's relaxation expertly administered by half-a-dozen agreeable performers. There are twenty-five items, most of them as short as a good anecdote, none of them outstanding, all of them better than passable. Martin Tiffen's "*Les Champagnons de la Chanson*" is a delicious and fair specimen of light contemporary malice and "*In Case of Fire*" brings him, Warwick Ashton and Anthony Viccars together very amusingly. The ladies riposte with properly satirical elegance.

TOMORROW week another big American success arrives in town, at Her Majesty's, to be exact. *The Teahouse of the August Moon* treats of the U.S. Army's occupation of an Okinawa village, and the adventures of the community when Plan B. (a device for modernising and educating the backward peoples) is put into operation.

Whether this sort of story will make an appeal to English audiences, who are not without experience of benevolent occupation by U.S. forces, remains to be seen. We preferred, for example, our modest *Seagulls over Sorrento* to the elaborate *Mr. Johnson*—a verdict which New York sharply reversed. However, a cast of thirty artists will present the work for our delectation, and I personally am delighted to learn that Golda Casimir is to play Higa Jiga.

—Youngman Carter





Van Hallan

THE ANGLO-ARGENTINE SOCIETY and the Hispanic Council gave a reception at Canning House to welcome back the British delegation on their return from the International Film Festival at Mar del Plata, Argentine. Viscount Davidson (left) and H.E. Dr. Domingo A. Derisi, the joint hosts, entertained Miss Isabel Dean, niece of Sir Dudley Colles

## Talk Around the Town



MISS MOIRA LISTER listened with interest to Dr. F. M. Palacios, from the Argentine, at the Canning House reception

POSSIBLY it was all this talk about palaces—are they too costly, too big, too grubby, too many?—or because I had been reading a life of Whistler the night before, but late one afternoon I set off to find a view of the first Palace which the Queen will be seeing on her return.

My way led past the Tower, veiled in mist, past the Mint and then, between high walls, into the Ratcliffe Highway.

No drunken sailors rolling home from Rio in its narrow length; indeed, nobody at all in sight on this Saturday afternoon except one slim, and, as it turned out, pretty girl in policewoman's uniform.

A few seamen's "slop" shops, with scores of others closed, ever since that

September evening in 1940, on the one side, and the prison-like heights of London Docks on the other. But you get a curious feeling as you drive through these streets that not so long ago they belonged to villages, and the changing contour of the ground enhances this feeling: Wapping, Shadwell, Ratcliffe and into Limehouse.

Here a diversion is necessary, due to lock-gate repairs, and you must turn shorewards and study the chart before you get back on the right course.

THERE is a tavern hidden away around here on the waterfront that may have been the original of the Six Jolly Fellowship Porters in Dickens's *Our Mutual Friend*. They will tell you to-day that The Grapes is the oldest on the Thames,



and Whistler must have used its little wooden balcony over the river when he was haunting this district.

The course now turns southwards into the Isle of Dogs (which is not an island at all, but a peninsula, if anything), and for the better part of two miles you are in the Millwall region, where sometimes ships seem to be floating down a street and about to bump into a row of cottages. Here again you seem to be passing through a series of settlements, with less bombing damage evident than elsewhere.

The air is keen and fresh, and one thinks with pity of other Londoners who live their lives out in the closeness of Kensington or Bayswater.

Then as the road curves round there is a distinct change of scene and feeling. In this most inaccessible pocket of dockland there are suddenly no more docks, wharfs or factories. You seem to be approaching a small country town, with wide main street and even a Georgian house with windows picked out with new paint. The shops have a village look.

One villager kindly gets into the car in order to show you how to get to "the gardens"—more properly "The Island Gardens."

THESE it is—a quarter of a mile away across a Thames in full tide—the Palace which Wren built for Charles II., and this is the way that Wren intended it to be seen.

On the other side of the river it is merely Greenwich Hospital, but here it is still the Palace. What disappointments came the way of Sir Christopher! St. Paul's Cathedral crowded in by ugliness on every side and still in bondage; his Palace never used as such, for Charles died before it was finished, and it was reduced for years to a pensioners' home.

Peter the Great (who worked as a shipwright around and about) expressed himself forcibly on this wastage, and you may sense some feeling of the St. Petersburg he was to build in this monumental pile, with its high domes and lofty porticoes.

IF the Queen were returning in a bigger ship, it is at this point that she would either disembark or transfer to her Barge. Or, indeed, if the weather is bad, this is just what will happen on May 15th.

Her guide on the bridge of the Britannia, at this point in the progress, may be able to inform the Queen that it was here that

## OVERHEARD IN A GARDEN

"A garden is a lovesome plot,  
Or ought to be, but yours is not.  
You harass it."

"I freely own  
I cannot leave a plant alone.  
I love to potter."

"That is why  
Your garden hurts the mind and eye.  
It lacks repose, it is not neat,  
Or ever decently complete.  
Pray emulate the plants you guard  
And do not toil and spin so hard.  
Thus gardens thrive."

"A thousand pardons,  
But I like gardening, not gardens."

—Eric Chilman

Sir Walter Raleigh threw down his coat before another Elizabeth.

More than likely the Duke of Edinburgh will merely observe that he spent many months at Greenwich as a young naval officer doing a course.

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IT was on this journey through the eastern marches of London that I came on more than one large and well-conceived block of flats of the type which fetch anything from £400 to £800 a few miles west.

But these were council apartments.

"They're good ones," said a neighbouring tobacconist of one block. "But the people can't afford them. No! I mean you can't go buying 100-guinea television sets, and ordering all new furniture on the never-never system and keep up with your rent, can you? Practically every tenant over there has a fine television set. Quite a few cars, too."

There is a field here for some nose-parker to explore and produce a chart showing T.V.-owners in relation to income. Are there more or fewer sets in Millwall than in Mayfair? In Bermondsey than Belgravia?

EVERY now and again you may see in the Personal columns an intimation that "A Lady of title" is willing to do this or that—to the ultimate benefit, of course, of the lady of title.

I wonder what sort of response would be reaped by something of this nature: "Wanted. A young Man of Title, Eton and White's essential (a commission in the Guards helpful) to popularise a new sartorial fashion.

Write Box —, enclosing photograph, and measurements."

For the market in male fashions is in a trough of depression.

Having launched the coloured waistcoat on the world (and seen it copied N. S. E. and W.) progress has been suspended. No one has come forward as a sponsor of spats, nor have cloth-topped boots found disciples.

Such fancies as these need leaders, although I will not here specify by name the men who really introduced the coloured waistcoat vogue.

The Prince of Wales had enough of eccentricity in his tastes to be a Heaven-sent gift to the tradesmen of the day: the double-breasted white waistcoat with a dinner jacket and the soft, turn-down collar were but one of many fashions he innocently launched.

They are still playing around with the dinner jacket, and black ties in different shapes, but you cannot influence taste through this posing of tailor's dummies.

When it comes to copying royalty, Prince Charles must be counted the leader of male fashion.

As a playgoer, I used to blame it all on Mr. Tyrone Guthrie, as if he were the only producer to stage plays in semi-darkness, but the habit has been spreading for many years and pops up in all manner of places, so that sometimes I feel like standing up in the stalls and shouting: "Please put another penny in the meter—I can't see what is happening."

The other night they revived that rather silly ballet called *The Haunted Ballroom* up at Sadler's Wells, and in the usual dimness, so that one strained the eyes to see whether the dancing was good or bad.

Then a new work by Mr. John Cranko opened with similar economy, but, fortunately, the lights went up in the second scene and everything could be seen quite clearly, which was just as well, for it has some merit.

Ballet, of all stage work, needs illumination; true ballet, not the sloppy symbolic stuff.

Next to the producer who takes to gloom naturally, the biggest menace can be the "lighting expert." There have been signs of improvement at Covent Garden recently, but in the past few years I have seen operas in which the moon comes out in the morning, and from two different directions at once, with enough general switchboard clowning to satisfy the Marx Brothers.

—Gordon Beckles



Morris

The School of Infantry Beagles Closed the Season at Hilperton, Wilts.

Mrs. Harold Greenhalgh and Miss Pamela Matthews had a good vantage point from a bridge

Major J. S. McLaren (centre), the Master, about to move off with the whips, Major H. Macfarlane and Major A. J. Hardy

Mrs. J. S. McLaren, wife of the Master, chatting to Major and Mrs. Trevor Hill, who entertained the field afterwards





*Miss Shirley Calder, Mr. Charles Brinton, four times American champion, Mrs. Douglas Wilson-Clyne, Dr. A. G. Aitchison, Major Nevill Hooper, hon. treasurer of the S.R.A., and Mrs. Hooper*

## SQUASH RACKETS SEASON ENDS WITH ANNUAL BALL

**T**HE Squash Rackets Association held their third annual ball at the Hyde Park Hotel when over 250 members and guests were received by the chairman, Lt.-Col. P. W. Le Gros, and Mrs. Ian McKechnie, chairman of the Women's Squash Rackets Association. Members of the American Jesters team were also present on this happy occasion



*Miss M. Millington, Mrs. P. Samuelson, Mr. S. Knox, Jnr., of the U.S. Jesters team, and Mr. R. Coffin, their captain*



*Mr. Gordon Hamilton, Miss Sonia Clarke and Mrs. and Mr. Trevor Clarke taking a drink on their arrival*



*Capt. Innes Watson chatting to Miss Margaret MacKenzie, a Scottish International player*



*Mr. and Mrs. D. Butcher, Lt.-Col. P. W. Le Gros, S.R.A. chairman, and Mrs. I. McKechnie, Women's S.R.A. chairman*





Mrs. J. Freeman, Mr. Jack Freeman, Mr. Roy Stickland, Mrs. Geoffrey Goodban, Mrs. Geoffrey Canning and Mr. Geoffrey Canning fishing for bottles of beer



Mr. Alan Fairbairn, the present British amateur champion, was dancing with Mrs. Fairbairn



Mrs. Radford, partnered by her husband, Mr. Harold Radford, who was the organiser of the ball



Miss Barbara Kerley, Mr. Ned Bigelow, manager of the American Jesters team, Mrs. Betty Matthews, Mrs. and Dr. J. F. Stokes, who is chairman of the Jesters Club



## DINING OUT

### What Gladstone Said in 1860

MR. GLADSTONE is the subject of what should prove an illuminating new biography later in the year.

I hope it deals with his taste in beverages.

For nearing a century now, Mr. Gladstone has been a spring toast in wine circles; or at least in those circles which benefited by his drastic reduction of duties on "foreign table wines" in 1860. Over eighty years elapsed before any other approach to reduction was made.

At a lunch on the eve of the Budget three wine shippers solemnly raised glasses to his memory, as their colleagues have done about this time each year. But as far as I can ascertain, there is no "Place Gladstone," "Boulevard Gladstone" nor even a "Chateau Gladstone" in France.

The French owe him uncounted millions in trade.

THE CONIL (in Athenæum Court, Piccadilly).—Several unusual features in the alcoved room opened by the Frenchman who steps in the literary path of the late M. Boulestin—M. Jean Conil.

One is the bar, contrived from a grand piano. A commentary on the new order of household gods: the music-rest goes to the head waiter's booking table.

Another is the size of the menu, here incorporated in the wine-list. This I applaud. Acreage wide menus are very fancy, but cannot be allowed to rest on the table for perusal between courses.

Yet another feature is the presence in the restaurant of one of the *chefs de cuisine*, M. Hulot, in the uniform of his high office. I cannot recall such a figure since the days of M. Berthaud.

Although prices range appropriately high over a large area, there is a *prix fixé*: lunch, 10s. 6d.; dinner, 12s. 6d. Wines are well selected and reasonably priced.

THIS column often engages in somewhat far-fung correspondence. A recent case has been that of an airline pilot in Hong Kong in search of facts about French cheeses! At last hearing, the search had reached the University of Reading.

He developed this interest while flying on the run to Saigon, where the matter of preserving the cheeses in the torrid climate is paramount.

I can give one tip which may save much to users of Camembert. Once you have cut into one, up-end the box. Thus the cream of the cheese is kept in place, instead of wasting itself over the bottom. I am surprised how few people do this.

—I. Bickerstaff





THE HON. MRS. DAVID ASTOR is here at her Regent's Park home with her baby daughter Alice, who was born last September. Mrs. Astor, whose husband is the second son of the late Viscount Astor and of Nancy Viscountess Astor, was before her marriage Miss Bridget Wreford, and is a clever sculptor

## Priscilla in Paris

# The Dragon Did A Good Turn

"INVEST me in my motley; give me leave to speak my mind . . ." but the young jesters of this year's *Mi-Carême* asked no leave to speak; they yelled and the yells were of joy!

It is a long time since Paris saw such merry mid-Lenten festivities. Hundreds of children in fancy dress romped and danced in the sunshine; the Medrano Circus was crowded to the topmost top of the Big Top, and long queues of miniature cowboys and Red Indians formed up outside the cinemas that are still showing *Peter Pan*.

Children over here who do not know the real Peter, find Mr. Disney's Rooneyish rogue quite entertaining. More ices and éclairs than cocktails and Pernods were served at the open-air cafés; the rather wheezy mechanism of the merry-go-round on the Champs Elysées had to have extra dollups

of grease to keep the wheels a-turning, and even the wooden horses seemed a little overworked. There was one quite terrific moment when the long, green, scaly, Chinese dragon-cum-human-centipede, brought to life by the St. Maur schoolchildren, writhed its way down the avenue des Champs Elysées.

AN extremely bulbous-nosed personage, woosily emerging from a certain restaurant that is famous for its "clinch the deal" business luncheons, ran full-tilt into it! The dragon breathed sulphur and brimstone from its nostrils ("golden rain" in reality), while the bulbous nose, from red, became crimson, the eyes above it bulged and the owner of those unpleasant attributes, after giving one devastating hiccup, turned tail and fled. This may not have "cleansed the foul body of th' infected world," but it certainly got one undesirable off the street.

At the Galerie Boler in the rue St. Honoré (just "off" the Place Vendôme) there is a small exhibition of paintings that I find erchanting. The collection is presented as *Visages de Paris* and consists of some fifty-six varied aspects of this little village on the Seine. It can be seen till May, and Easter visitors must not miss it.

If some cruel fate exiled me from this lovely city I could wish to take many of these pictures with me, but I would have to be a multi-millionaire to do so! There is an adorable Pierre Bonnard; a street scene showing a bric-à-brac shop, its wares spilling out on to the pavement; an 1890-ish young lady is exercising a small dog (the yap-yap-bow-of-ribbon breed), and a fond mama is anxiously preventing two furbelowed little minxes from paddling in the rain-filled gutter. By Bonnard also is a fascinating fourfold screen with a fresco of *fiacres* round the upper part. It makes one dream of the Paris one reads about, the Paris of Yvette Guilbert and Xanrof, and the famous cab that went "*trottinant, jaune avec un cocher blanc!*"

LOANED by M. de Laboulay is one of the early Utrillos (1904); a rather sad, lonely-looking street on Montmartre in misty grey and white and pale-green. It is insured for 5,000,000 francs. Another street scene, by Maclet, kept me gazing so long that one of the attendants of the gallery came up to lay stress upon its finer points and tell me its price. It ran into five figures. "This Maclet is *Elisée* Maclet, is he not?" I enquired. He was! And I moved on to admire an amusing "Orchestra Rehearsal," by Raoul Dufy, chuckling at the thought that some twenty-five years ago I paid fifty francs to a delighted young *Elisée* Maclet for his picture of the "Lapin Agile." It hangs on the wall in front of me as I write.

Other pictures I would take into exile with me are: Georg's "Cirque," Dunoyer de Segonsac's pen-and-ink impression of the "Vert Galant," Jean Edelmann's colourful "Pont de Grenelle" and his enchanting water-colour of the Luxembourg Gardens, with the towers of St. Sulpice in the distance. If my banishment condemned me to a warm country I also would like Marquet's "Pont Neuf Sous la Neige." One has a bird's-eye view of the bridge from Marquet's studio, and he has painted it in spring, summer, autumn and winter: at noon, at midnight, at dawn and at dusk. To attempt it "in a fog" would be an innovation.

I DO not think I care for any portraits. The life-sized figure of the can-can dancer can stay where it is, and I would hate to disturb Van Dongen's "Head" or even Marie Laurencin's naïve maiden or Saboureaud's leggy lass on the divan. Studies of unknown damsels who, for a brief spell, may have captured the interest of an artist, make me a little sad. Perhaps this is because I have just read the following paragraph in an evening paper: "Maria Lani, who posed for so many famous artists, died this morning aged forty-eight, after a lingering illness, at the Pitié hospital."

## Enfin!

● One loses nothing by being polite . . . except one's seat in the Metro!





Lord Saye and Sele, chairman of the Anglo-American Relationship Committee in Oxon, was, with Lady Saye and Sele, pointing out the location of Upper Heyford on a map on a huge iced cake to Col. F. E. Wikstrom, U.S.A.F. Base Commander at the Station

## A "STARS AND STRIPES" WELCOME AT HEYFORD

FRIENDS and acquaintances of U.S.A.F. and Army officers based on Upper Heyford R.A.F. Station in Oxfordshire had a delightful evening at an Anglo-American ball given at the Officers' Club to return their hospitality  
(Continued overleaf.)



At the entrance to the Officers' Club Lt.-Col. Carl Hillstrom, U.S.A.F., Mrs. Newberry, Mrs. Hillstrom and W/Cdr. J. H. Newberry, M.C., had just caught sight of friends across the terrace





*Standing beside a cleverly-devised Anglo-American tableau which decorated the ballroom entrance were Mrs. Jackman, Brig.-Gen. J. C. Selser, U.S.A.F., Mrs. Selser and Air Vice-Marshal H. D. Jackman, R.A.F. Brig.-Gen. Selser and A.V.-M. Jackman were the top-ranking officers of their respective Services at the event*



*W/Cdr. Nelson Edwards, who commands the Oxford University Air Squadron, Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. Good and Capt. J. O. Good, U.S.A.F., the Upper Heyford Personnel Officer, were joking in the bar*

Continuing—

## AMERICAN PARTY IN OXFORDSHIRE

SEVERAL senior Army and R.A.F. officers were among the company at the Upper Heyford ball. One-third of the guests were British and they had a typical U.S. greeting, in which generosity was combined with brilliant ideas on "making the party go." After a sumptuous dinner, dancing went on until the early hours, with a midnight cabaret. So successful was the ball that it is intended to make it an annual event





s. Edwin O'Connell, wife of the 4th A.A. Bn.  
nmander, U.S. Army, dancing with Lt.-Col.  
J. G. M. Keeling, R.A.O.C.



Miss Lisa Brent was much enjoying  
a dance partnered by Capt. Howard  
Donaldson, U.S.A.F.



Smilingly waltzing were Mrs. D. B.  
Rodgers and G/Capt. P. W. Heal,  
A.F.C., R.A.F.



apt. James N. Demos, chief organiser  
of the ball, was here partnering his wife  
in a slow foxtrot



J. C. Goodman, also prominent in the  
all organisation, had just finished a  
number with Mrs. Goodman



Desmond O'Neill

In session in an ante-room, talking over the evening's major happenings  
up to date, were Alderman Mrs. F. M. Andrews, Capt. A. V. Murray,  
Air-Cdre. D. L. Worthington and Mrs. A. V. Murray



## D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing  
By ...

"KADZTRIK!"—the passionate cry in the old Ghiz tongue may well be ringing over the hills of Abyssinia at this moment, coupled with cries of "Up, Sheba!" and "To hell with the *International Year Book*, 1954!" The *I.Y.B.* having just ruled that Balkis, Queen of Sheba, is henceforth only the "traditional" ancestress of Emperor Haile Selassie, an innovation likely to cause local resentment, like the similar trick played on the Fairy Mélusine.

Which great French family (? Lusignan) claimed descent for centuries from the Fairy Mélusine we forget. She was at length deposed likewise, by the same type of genealogical sourpuss, and apparently took it lying down; whereas if we were the *International Year Book* boys we'd be looking out nervously for a string of gorgeous camels blocking Fleet Street and a personal call ("See heah, Massa Pine!") from an imperious dusky beauty escorted by fierce Nubian janissaries. A fascinating thought, all the more so because it would undoubtedly plunge some of our ardent Sunday Press boys into a jam or two.

"Dusty says she used to be a friend of Solomon's—would that be the pianist?"

"Highbrow stuff."

"He must mean Jack Solomons."

"There's a story there—Dusky Queen Boxing Fan."

"Well, get cracking."

Bronze, glamorous, svelte, dynamic—see Home Page for "My Charm Secret" (exclusive to the *Sunday Snoozer*).

## Order

It was Prince George, Duke of Cambridge, Field-Marshal, C.-in-C. British Army, 1856-95, who ordered a standard pitch for Army bands, a high authority has just recalled. Apparently massed bands performing at a big parade just after the Crimean War made such a hellish noise that even the top brasses noticed it.

What the Duke actually said is not reported,

but the main outlines may be filled in from the certified copy—which you may have heard before, and are now to hear, with renewed pleasure, again—of an order given by H.R.H. to an infantry colonel at an Aldershot review.

"Where are your pioneers?"

"Rear of battalion, sir, ten paces left."

"Well, get 'em up here and make 'em dig a b——y big hole and bury your b——y battalion in it."

This operation takes some time, even in sandy soil. If you look closely at the surface of Laffan's Plain you'll see where they had to raise the ground level some three inches over 150 square yards. Burying fifty massed bands would, of course, take much longer, owing to the tubas and drums. Looking up the *Times* files, we find Auntie gave this incident eight lines on page 17, headed "Massed Bands Buried." No reaction was reported from Messrs. Hawkes, the popular instrument manufacturers. An archdeacon ventured next day to congratulate the Duke respectfully on a truly British disciplinary act. ("Sir,—In what other country...?") and that was all. To-day the affair would probably be front-paged and given at least a third of a column. (End).

## Shivers

A PSYCHOLOGIST lately discussing nightmare problems in the papers might like to get his dentures into this one, a recurring terror with a chap we know, and will call "A." It chiefly involves a man called P. G. H. Gapethorne-Buttersby, and opens invariably with a sinister 7-note theme on the Alpine horn. Action then develops swiftly, as follows:

1. As an unseen orchestra of 50,000 takes up the *William Tell* overture a far-off panorama of the Alps comes into clear focus and a group of dots is seen below, moving slowly up. They are members of the Alpine Club climbing the Freidegg.
2. They don't know (as A. and the orchestra do) of the impending avalanche.
3. Last of the roped string plodding upwards past A.'s pillow is P. G. H. Gapethorne-Buttersby (Repton and Balliol), a lean, gangling type with long, melancholy features, pale blue eyes, and a distant, glassy expression.
4. In his dream A. yells loudly to warn him. Not knowing A., and not wanting to know him, Gapethorne-Buttersby gives him a vague glance and plods on.
5. Orchestra works itself up to the dreaded "tiddle-um, tiddle-um, tiddle-um-tum-tum" presaging doom. Good heavens! A. is in agony. Can Gapethorne-Buttersby be saved, at least?
6. A. leaps (in his dream) from bed and severs the rope, and P. G. H. Gapethorne-Buttersby hurtles base-over-apex down the Freidegg, casting a glance of cold dislike at A. as he flashes past.
7. The avalanche doesn't fall after all.

All right, you say; interesting but not exciting. But wait. How would you like this agonising dream to end with the boom of a gong and the entry of a majestic veiled figure, denouncing you to the cops for a crowning fiasco (7, above) and announced by fifty loud-speakers as "Mr. Rank—in person"?

## THE ABOMINABLE CLUBMAN

By WYNDHAM ROBINSON



"These chaps who can't sleep at night won't bother to practise during the day"

## Lugs

DISC-HOSTESSES collaborating with picked B.B.C. disc-jockeys are doubtless implied in the latest Min. of Works idea—derived, like most ideas, from America—for blasting the common starling (*Sturnus vulgaris*) away from public buildings by amplified gramophone-records.

Whether this noise, more appalling than that of ten thousand starlings, would be noticeable amid the Niagara of continuous and hellish uproar under which the Race staggers dazedly from cradle to grave, one can hardly predict.

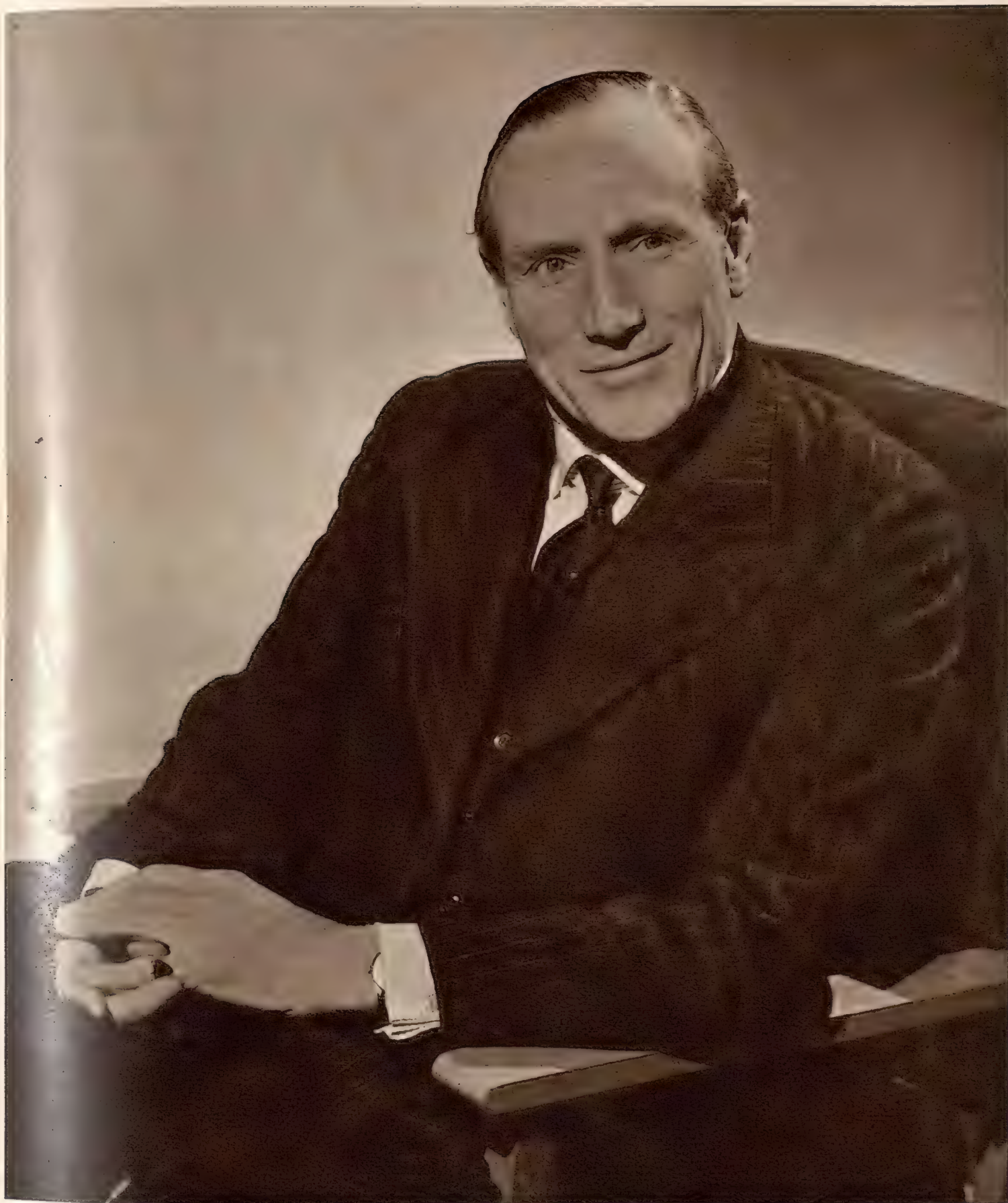
In our own remote countryside nowadays we barely notice the jets from the nearest R.A.F. station cavorting overhead and breaking the sound-barrier every ten minutes or so, except for cracked window-panes. Dainty disc-hostesses moreover would infuse charm and diablerie ("Good evening, evrabaddeh! You are about to have the essential lugs blown off you by the Public Buildings Anti-Starling Barrage Service, with Fearless Freddie riding the gramophone") into the Min. of Works contribution. As for the Whitehall boys, they'd have to learn sign-language, like the rest of us. Thus "supply processed nutrition-intake index per unit of consumer-personnel" would be conveyed by a hand lifted to and from an open mouth followed by a strong shudder of nausea, a cackle of hideous mirth and a kick at the imaginary pants of Mr. Taxpayer.

If we know anything about the common starling, he'll get used to records in a week, the saucy little rascal. Why not try bombs?

## BRIGGS. . . . by Graham







**MASTERS OF SPORT** photographed by **ERIC COOP**

MR. JACK BERESFORD was twenty-one when he won the Diamond Sculls for the first time at Henley in 1920, and since then can look back upon a rowing career unequalled in the world to-day. He held the World's Amateur Sculling Championship in 1924 and 1925, and the Philadelphia Gold Cup (the only Englishman to do so) in the same years. He is also the only oarsman to hold three Olympic Gold Medals, while his Henley achievements include the Diamond Sculls "hat trick" in 1924-5-6. In recent years his experience and personality alike have assured him a high place in rowing councils, while as selector, manager, captain and coach he has proved an unvarying inspiration to the teams he has helped to choose and train for Britain



## ST. GEORGE FRENGLAND, M.P.



"Now, look here, McCarthy. . ."

## BUBBLE & SQUEAK

A TRAMP called at a door and begged for food.

"No, certainly not," said a forbidding-looking woman. "Go away at once or I'll call my husband."

★ "E ain't at 'ome," said the tramp. ★

The woman gasped. "How do you know?" she said.

"Because a man who married a woman like you is only 'ome at mealtimes."

APPLICANTS for the post of messenger boy were coming to the village grocer. To each one he put very searching questions, so as to make sure that the boy would take an interest in his work.

"Well, my lad," he said to one bright-looking youth, "what would you do with a thousand pounds?"

The lad scratched his head.

"I don't know, sir," he replied. "I didn't expect so much for a start."

WHEN a party of tourists climbed to the top of a famous echoing mountain, they saw an old man sitting on a rock, an enormous telescope in his hands. Every few moments he let out a series of shouts. The puzzled tourists watched him for some time. Then one of them went up to the old man and asked him:

"Why do you keep on looking through that thing and then calling out as if you were in pain?"

The old man answered impatiently:

"Don't talk to me. You'll distract my attention, and I'll lose my job. I'm the echo for this hill."

TWO Negroes were boasting about their family descent.

"Lemme tell you," said Rastus, "I kin trace ma ancestors right back to the fambly tree."

"Dat so?" exclaimed Mose. "Waal, dere 's only two kinds ob things dat lives in trees—dem 's bird and monkeys. And you ain't got no feathers!"



Over they come in the Open race, with Mrs. J. R. Buller's Lady Becassine (Mr. W. A. Forster up) leading the field. The race was won by Mr. C. D. Scott's grey The Callant, ridden by Mr. J. Scott Aiton, which can be seen approaching the fence



The Earl and Countess of Home, with their youngest daughter, Lady Diana Douglas Home, at the meeting



Mrs. Bailie of Manderston presents the Challenge Cup to Mr. C. D. Scott, whose entry won the Open event

THE BORDER HUNT is used to stormy weather at its spring point-to-point, but this season a mild westerly wind gave the best conditions for many years, despite grey skies. This very good meeting was at Drakemyre, Grantshouse, Berwickshire



The Master of the Berwickshire, Major H. R. Trotter, with Mr. J. S. Wight of Grantshouse, a doyen of trainers, and Lt.-Col. G. R. Trotter, hon. sec. of the meeting





**A SON OF HIBERNIA** is one of the guises adopted by Danny Kaye when on the run from the police in *Knock On Wood*, the new Paramount musical comedy in Technicolor, which will have a charity European premiere at the Plaza on April 23rd. In it the renowned droll takes the part of a ventriloquist who is all mixed up inside with psychology trouble, and outside with two rival spy rings trying to steal the plans of N.A.T.O.'s top secret weapon. The possibilities of such a situation are evidently boundless, and a very choice selection has been made of them, giving full scope to Mr. Kaye's supreme talent of improvisation

## At The Pictures

# SORENESS OVER SEAGULLS

**P**IGHEADEDNESS in sticking up for our rights to the point of downright idiocy is one of our proudest national characteristics. Besides putting many citizens in gaol, it has given us Habeas Corpus, rights of way, Magna Carta and pedestrian crossings. This characteristic receives its modern canonisation in *Conflict of Wings* (Leicester Square Theatre).



John Gregson and Muriel Pavlow in "Conflict of Wings"

A Norfolk village takes on the R.A.F. in a battle to preserve a bird sanctuary which the R.A.F. needs as a rocket range. Another deep chord in our national character is struck by the fact that it is poor, innocent dicky-birds *versus* wicked Vampire jets. The climax of drama and credibility is reached when the villagers sail out in boats to place themselves before the target and so prevent firing. So the squadron leaves for operations with no proper training. "We are both right," comments the squadron-leader. I am not so sure. I think foreigners may see the film as evidence of the progress of the "peace" campaign in East Anglia.

**H**OWEVER, if you can swallow it, the story makes a vehicle for an agreeable film, suffused with the beauty of the Broads. There is suspense, heightened by clever cross-cutting from the village meeting to the pilots' briefing, and from the speeding boats to the flashing jets. There is a good cast, with Kieron Moore as Squadron-Leader and John Gregson as an airman whose sympathies fluctuate between the R.A.F. and the villagers—forgiveable because village lass Muriel Pavlow takes care of his off-duty time.

**A** FURTHER chapter in the U.S. Cavalry's unending screen war with the redskins is recorded in a strapping Western, *The Command* (Warner). This time the doctor (Guy Madison) takes charge, and with some cavalry tactics which frighten the infantry as much as the redskins, gets the wagon train through. It has all that you pay for, including stereophonic sound and CinemaScope which enhances the battle scenes. The heroine (Joan Weldon) does not get in the way too much. Good family fare, as the showmen say.

The most adult film, *The Pearl* (Rialto), comes from Mexico and stars those fine performers, Pedro Armendariz and Maria Elena Marques. The story is John Steinbeck's and ruthlessly rams home the adage that money is the root of all evil. Hardly a decent human emotion survives the finding by an Indian fisherman of a valuable pearl. Greed, treachery, suffering and death follow until the pearl is cast back into the sea. All is told with sombre delicacy and superbly filmed.

In the same programme is *The Sea Around Us*, a documentary based on Rachel Carson's book. Miss Carson omitted box-office material like whale-hunting and water-ski-ing from her book. This has been rectified; and a commentary added which would do credit to the lower fourth.

—Dennis W. Clarke





MISS SELINA TOWNLEY with her grandmother's pedigree Dalmatians, Rajah of Starlock and Dilkusha of Starlock. Miss Townley is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Townley, of Fulbourn Manor, near Cambridge, a charming house which has been in the possession of the family since 1788. Her mother is a near relative of General Sir Gerald Templer

Sir Geoffrey Cory-Wright

## Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

# An Enchantress In Tweeds

ELIZABETH JENKINS is to be numbered among the most distinguished living English novelists. By no means is she among the more prolific—her books, each one memorable, have indeed been few: here is a case of achievement and reputation built up on quality more than quantity. Her biography of Jane Austen became a classic; and, though in no sense a disciple, Miss Jenkins does in one great particular resemble the woman whose life she wrote—she takes joy in, and gives us, out-and-out novels.

Rare is that gift to-day—we have much "fiction," but what, we may sometimes ask, has become of the magic art and the ancient spell? The ideal novel draws us into its world; it turns upon some crisis or situation which rivets and delights us by its importance, and, best of all, it brings us into the company of characters who are not merely lifelike but intensely and superabundantly living. Life itself, as shown us in such a novel, takes on an interest it lacks in so-called reality.

To-day, the novel is "used" for too many things—outlet for self-analysis, social diatribe, daydream fabrication. We are rich in shockers, thrillers and spell-binders, costume affairs or nostalgic pictures of childhoods. Much of our

fiction suffers from over-flavouring—either too much sugar or too much spice. And, above all, there has been a certain loss of solidity—of that four-squaredness we associate with the great Victorians. The work of Elizabeth Jenkins (among whose earlier novels, you may remember, were *Harriet*, *The Phoenix Nest*, *Robert and Helen* and *Young Enthusiasts*) is at once solid in content and light in touch. As novels should be, hers are enjoyable.

THIS latest, *THE TORTOISE AND THE HARE* (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), has an at once timeless and contemporary subject—the thieving away of one woman's husband by another. In fact, the eternal triangle. Miss Jenkins, however, has given the situation a startling twist—for here we have no patient housewife of fading charms losing to a lovely young interloper. On the contrary: Imogen Gresham, in her middle thirties, is as lovely as ever she was—is indeed, though in silence, adored by another man. And her rival? Miss Blanche Silcox, a country neighbour, is fifty: she is (or appears to be) the typical "good sort"—downright, ungainly, good-humoured, capable, and without a shred of feminine attraction. The type most men like—like, but no more.

Can one wonder that Imogen, at the outset, is nothing more than a little puzzled when she

finds that the admirable Blanche is taking up more and more of Imogen's husband's time? And the husband? Evelyn Gresham, Q.C., is now at the peak of professional success, for which he pays in strain and fatigue. He is cold-natured, intellectual, fastidious and—as a man to be married to—alarming. Separation during the war years has ended the original idyll with his young wife; and, though the Greshams are once again together, in a lovely riverside Berkshire house, Imogen is inhibited in her marriage by a slight loss of nerve, an anxious uncertainty. Nor are matters improved, from her point of view, by the stand-offish scornfulness of Gavin, her and Evelyn's only son.

BUT that is the worst, so far—no fear of being supplanted has yet entered Imogen's gentle head. Evelyn, weary and critical, has at no time shown any wish to philander; he is courteous to but easily bored by women. How, in that case, will such a man react to a spinster's gruff but violent passion for him? Miss Silcox, it begins to appear, is not only a good sort, but a good sport—she fishes, goes racing and knows the form, drives a mighty Rolls; in which, with increasing zeal, she chauffeurs Evelyn up and down from London. (Imogen is unable to drive a car.)

She is wealthy, knows how to order a first-rate dinner, and is the mistress of an uncharming, tasteless, but supremely comfortable, well-run house—whereas Imogen, though she creates an enchanting atmosphere, is subject to aberrations as a housekeeper.

CAN a woman—well into years, and of such a type as to seem in no possible sense desirable—win, and hold, a difficult man by flattery? This question has been posed in *The Tortoise and the Hare*, and answered all too convincingly. The answer is in the characters of the three persons—Imogen, Evelyn, Blanche. And, of the three, Blanche is Miss Jenkins's masterpiece: grotesque as she is, this woman is given dignity—she has been evoked for us with uncanny insight, rendered for us with consummate art. What could have been incredible in the situation is, by the end, not so.

The country and village setting has been beautifully drawn; and, dire though the story is, comedy is never far round the corner. The "progressive" Leepers (neighbours), their neglected children, and Mrs. Leeper's siren sister, Zenobia, give outlet for Miss Jenkins's sense of absurdity—her satirisations, like Jane Austen's, never decline to caricature.

★ ★ ★

IN FRIENDS APART: A Memoir of the Thirties (Macgibbon and Kee; 12s. 6d.), Philip Toynbee recalls to being two young men who were killed in World War II. Esmond Romilly, Jasper Ridley. These two in their lifetimes never converged; their intense unalikehood to one another (unalikehood of temperament and of outlook) could only have made for an antipathy. They represented opposite poles of experience for their mutual friend, the young Philip Toynbee—who, indeed, was the most that they had in common.

Esmond Romilly's career was, inevitably, of the most sensational: this was the fifteen-year-old rebel who, in the summer of 1934, ran away from Wellington and set up headquarters in a mean London street, from which he waged war against the citadel of the public school system by means of an inflaming magazine, *Out of Bounds*. The trumpet call was far from being unheard: several other boys, one of whom was Toynbee, ran away from their schools to join up with Romilly.

An idealised Communism (upon which, later, was to break the light of a harsher day) commanded the fiery sympathies of the group. Esmond Romilly was to be among those who fought on the Republican side in Spain. And floodlit, once again, by publicity was his eighteen-year-old elopement with Decca Mitford: after their marriage, the young pair carried on a splendid brigand career, went to America, opened a bar in Florida. Esmond Romilly joined the Canadian Air Force: he died in a bomber raid over Germany.



[Continued on page 136]





ON A SKI-ING HOLIDAY: Miss Jane Sutro, Miss Sally Cheeseman and Miss Caroline Sutro at Mürren. Miss Jane and Miss Caroline Sutro are the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Sutro, of Stocketts Manor, Oxted, Surrey



GROWING UP FAST: Miss Marilyn Anne Wigg, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rex Vivian Wigg, of the British Vice-Consulate, Rio Grande, in Brazil. Marilyn will be celebrating her second birthday next month



ENJOYING THE 'SUNSHINE': Master David and Miss Susan O'Byrne, son and daughter of Capt. and Mrs. O'Byrne, of Dublin, who now have their home in Lagos, Nigeria, West Africa, where this photograph was taken

BROTHERS IN ARMS: Masters Nicholas and Jeremy Creech, sons of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. C. L. Creech, of Melbourne, Australia, and formerly of Assam. When in England their home is in Sturminster Newton, Dorset



TABLE FOR ONE: Rupert Maude, son of Major and Mrs. J. W. A. Maude, of Kenya, is nearly two years old. He has a younger brother, Julian,



BUILDING IN SAND: David, Elizabeth and John Crook, children of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Crook, with their mother at Westerduines Bay, North Berwick. They were on holiday from their home in Nertherby Road, Trinity, Edinburgh







# One Fine Day

OUR CHOICE OF THE WEEK is this beautifully tailored suit of creamy white wool shantung, as a number that would be useful for many rather important dates. Extremely simple—under-statement is its strong line, this is a perfect outfit on a cool spring or summer day for a spectator at a race-meeting or regatta—or to wear at a rather formal luncheon party. On these two pages we have given it a slightly nautical flavour but, teamed with different accessories, we can see it distributing prizes, calling at Government House or leading in the winner with equal success. It costs 19 gns. and comes from Woollands of Knightsbridge, who sell all the other accessories shown on these pages

—MARIEL DEANS



Here is the navy and white silk cravat that is also shown below (left). It is priced at 25s. 9d. The pull-on, stitched silk jersey hat in navy-blue and white, shown on the opposite page, costs 8½ gns.



A big, soft handbag of pale Luxan-calf with a gilt clasp. It is lined throughout with suède and costs £8 15s.

A navy blue reefer coat that is one hundred per cent camel hair. Warm and very light, this is a good coat for either town or country wear. It costs 20 gns.

Brien Kirley



# DIARY OF A LADY OF LIMITED LEISURE

It is chaos this week, not only because of the school holidays but because the C.s' television set is out of order. . . . Once, when we occupied a furnished house, a TV set was one of the amenities provided. And directly we left that house we decided that never again would we live cheek by jowl with the thing. This is not because we don't like television or disapprove—much—of the programmes. It is because of its unearthly fascination. Having it handy, we came to the conclusion, was like having a lion in your lap or a constant supply of chocolates at your elbow.

There are some, doubtless, who can take the stuff or leave it alone—who can make intelligent conversation or read a good book while in the corner of the same room that expanse of shimmering silver begs mutely to be allowed in. I found I was not among this company. I would look at the printed programme, decide it was the last thing I wanted to look at, and settle down to darn or knit or read.

AND there this thing would stand, mysterious with invitation, like a door into an Oriental courtyard. I would look up from my useful productive task and think perhaps that the programme wouldn't be as bad as all that—perhaps one should take a look—perhaps it would be good to see what most people like and why—perhaps one should make certain the set was working all right. . . . And in the end I would switch on and the evening would roll by, while I watched, with



a slightly dropped jaw, racehorses and ways of arranging flowers and violinists and men telling funny stories and even tap dancers, until before I knew where I was an attractive young man or woman was soothingly bidding me good night. It was immaterial whether the programme interested me or not. There were moving pictures of people doing things, and I watched them with the inane, helpless fascination of people passing a lighted window or watching excavators at work on a building site during the lunch hour.

BUT it wasn't only a question of myself. With all those awful warnings of what TV is alleged to have done to American childhood, we were careful with the viewing habits of our young, but came to the eventual conclusion that the one hour daily devoted to them by the B.B.C. couldn't do all that harm.

(Continued on opposite page)



## Sailor Suit

THIS suit from Ian Meredith is a most wearable version of the current French fashion. It is in petrol blue gros-grain with a rounded and modified sailor collar and a detachable white satin tie. It is stocked by Harvey Nichols



# CONTINUING - DIARY OF A LADY . . .

The result was that my offsprings' out-of-school hours became geared to TV *Children's Hour*—and even I myself, though I shied at the serials, used to sit spellbound being taught how to make window boxes or grow fruit trees from pips or manipulate puppets. With the children, I burned with indignation at the same newsreel twice over, and too many toddler programmes for persons who ought to be too young for TV anyway.

SOON I got used to the average of four or five extra infants from no apparent source, dim shadows in the audience waiting for milk and biscuits afterwards. I got used to being late getting the children's supper and seeing them into bed, and my husband got used to having dinner late. People tell me that if we had lived with the TV longer, we would have become inured to keeping it in its place. I even after six months it remained to us a clog in a bottle.



While we weren't exactly frightened of it, we treated it with respect and curiosity. It was a presence in our lives, rather than a tool. So much so indeed, that when we first left home and became masters of our own possessions, it was virtuous in deprivation, as those must sit on spikes or plunge into the English Channel on Christmas Day.

WHEN the children got friendly with next door and were asked in to watch TV—we ourselves discovered neighbours who invited us round to watch plays and other things we felt really justified in wanting to see, and never we wanted them. And this, I think, is the ideal. For you have to want to see a thing very hard before you go to the trouble of going out to see it—arranging for someone to stay with the children, bothering others to put up with your presence for nothing but a hasty few muttered words before the programme starts or after McDonald Hobley has soothed you into semi-slumber with his farewell.

The only catch to the method is when the C.s'—or the L.s' or the J.s'—set is out of order. One feels a little injured, and the C.'s and the L.'s and the J.'s are curiously on the defensive, as if they knew it was their fault and that we suspected them of feeling relieved.

As for me, I confess to feeling virtuous in the possession of the best of both worlds, like an ex-smoker who only smokes other people's. And I have discovered that I rather like least-common-denominator programmes, just as I enjoy least-common-denominator films and literature. So perhaps we shall think about getting a TV set for ourselves—though there is always the excuse that it isn't worth it, when colour TV may burst in at any moment and the C.s' and the L.s' and the J.s' sets will be out of date. . . .

— Diana Gillon



## "New Look" Beaver

FURS bleached and then dyed pale pastel colours are a new departure this spring. We show here a lovely stole in honey-blond Canadian Beaver, casually pleated to give a shawl effect and finished with wide butterfly ends. It comes from the National Fur Company in Brompton Road



# New For Easter

*E*ASTER, arriving at the psychological moment when the spring makes all women long for some shred or morsel in the way of new clothes, provides a respectable excuse for self-indulgence. On these two pages we show four tonic ideas for bolstering the morale of any wardrobe. As they would also make enormously appreciated Easter presents, we are quoting prices

—MARIEL DEANS



A loose jacket of beige and white pure wool Scotch bouclé with three-quarter length sleeves, deep cuffs and slit pockets. Priced at £10 17s., it comes from Moss Bros. of Covent Garden, who also provided the gay wool handkerchief for 20s. 8d.



Walpoles of Sloane St. make this pretty little pink and white striped Robia-voile blouse in their own workroom. Notice the clever treatment of the striped fabric.





Easter bonnet *de luxe*. Jenners of Edinburgh have this charming little white grosgrain hat by Aage Thaarup. It is decorated with one huge marguerite, two narrow bands of black velvet and a fine green and yellow veil. It costs 15 gns.



The buttons are mother o' pearl, and the finish is excellent. You can get it for £3 3s.



Masculine-looking dressing-gown in wool delaine. You can have it in blue or rust colour with a fine white overcheck. It is stocked by Robinson and Cleaver of Regent St., and costs 6 gns.

John French



## SHOPPING

EGG MARKET  
OPENS AGAIN

Pia candles. Easter eggs, hand-painted with flowers and rabbits, box of four, 13s. 10d. Plain coloured Easter eggs, assorted shades, six for 14s. Water lilies, in various colours, four for 11s. 6d. Flower-decorated candles, six for 12s. All from Harrods



"Penelope" the lamb carries a bag of chocolates, and is seen here frisking over a log. Price £1 7s. 6d. From Fortnum & Mason



Fancy egg basket containing assorted chocolates, £1 17s. 6d. Chocolate oyster shell, and mussel shell, filled with chocolates, 6s. 6d. each. Obtainable from Fortnum & Mason



Pair of wooden clogs filled with small Easter eggs, price 13s. 6d. Blue Delft china clog also with a cargo of Easter eggs, price 12s. 6d. Both of them come from Fortnum & Mason



**GOOD Egg!** That is what the children say as Easter approaches. The shops are making sure that they will not be disappointed. The display of novelties in the way of Easter eggs is quite bewildering. From the collection shown here, you can see the sort of things which are on sale, waiting to delight the hearts of the young

—JEAN CLELAND



The White Hare is made in chocolate and has a most fascinating basketful of Easter eggs. Fortnum and Mason have it at £1



Little nursery lamp with check gingham shade (with felt appliques) and wooden base with Beatrix Potter rabbit. Price £3 5s. From Harrods



Fancy straw egg, decorated with flowers and filled with assorted chocolates. Price £1 18s. 6d. From Fortnum & Mason



Family of white miniature fur rabbits eating carrots (in front of picture). Price 7s. 6d. (large) and 4s. 6d. (small). Novelty rabbits and chickens (some of which can be filled with chocolates or sweets). Price from 3s. 6d. to 6s. From Woollands

Dennis Smith



## ENGAGEMENTS



Pearl Freeman

Miss Pauline Lucie Mayer, only daughter of Sir Robert and Lady Mayer, of Mansfield Street, W.1, whose engagement has been announced to Mr. Peter H. Samuelson, younger son of Lt.-Col. H. Samuelson, St. James, Cape Province, and of Mme. Nubar Gulbenkian, The Old House, Hoggston, Buckinghamshire

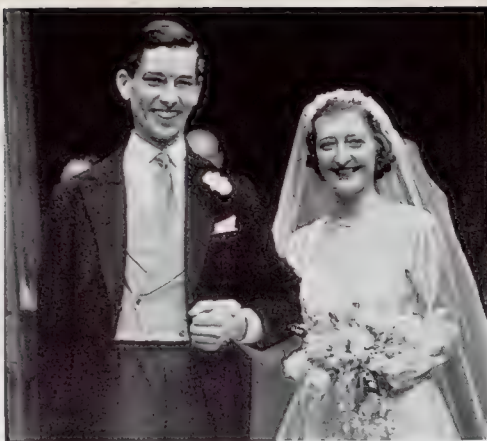


Miss Anne Loys Roche Brass, only daughter of Cdr. J. E. P. Brass, R.N. (ret.), and Mrs. Brass, of Haroldston House, Haverfordwest, Pembrokeshire, has announced her engagement to Lord HolmPatrick, of Cornerstown, Shankill, Co. Dublin



Lenore

Miss Felicity Hastings, second daughter of Capt. E. G. Hastings, C.B.E., R.N., and the Hon. Mrs. Hastings, of Northease Manor, Rodmell, Lewes, is to marry Mr. John Humphrey Scrimgeour, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Scrimgeour, of Sternfield, Saxmundham, Suffolk



## CHUTE—BARNARD

The wedding took place at St. Mary Abbots Church between Mr. Francis Chaloner Chute, elder son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. M. L. Chute, of Addison Road, Kensington, and Miss Grace Monica Jeune Barnard, twin daughter of the late Rev. H. J. Barnard, and of Mrs. Barnard, of Heath House, Fleet, Hampshire



## WILTSHIRE—WELLCOME

Miss Ruth M. Wellicome, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Wellicome, of Marlow, Buckinghamshire, married Mr. Alan L. Wiltshire, only son of Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Wiltshire, of High Wycombe, Buckinghamshire, at Marlow Parish Church

## THEY WERE MARRIED The TATLER'S Review



## HEALD—BOWEN

At St. Stephen's Undercroft, Palace of Westminster, the marriage took place between Mr. Mervyn Heald, son of Sir Lionel Heald, Q.C., M.P., and Lady Heald, of Chilworth Manor, Guildford, Surrey, and Miss Clarissa Bowen, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Bowen, of York Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W.1



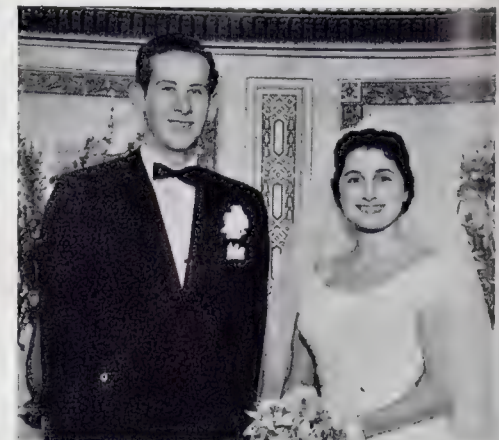
## McKILLOP—HAIGH

Lt. John William Everard McKillop, R.N., son of Capt. A. M. McKillop, D.S.C., R.N., and Mrs. McKillop, of The Grove, Freshford, Bath, was married to Miss Heather Campbell Haigh, daughter of the late Mr. H. R. Haigh, of Cochin, India, and Mrs. M. Haigh, of Auckland, N.Z., at the Naval Barracks, Auckland



## JACKSON—GATES

Mr. Hugh Howland Jackson, son of Mr. Philip H. Jackson, and the late Mrs. Lucy K. F. Jackson, of Pittismoor, Fordingbridge, Hants, was married to Miss Sally Gates, youngest daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Valder Gates, of Debnershe, Shalford, Guildford, Surrey, at St. Nicholas Church, Compton



## LENNARD—STILLITZ

At the New West End Synagogue, St. Peterburgh Place, W.2, Mr. Gerald Lennard, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Lennard, of Berkeley Court, N.W.1, married Miss Barbara Stillitz, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Stillitz, of Gass Park House, Dollis Avenue, London, N.3



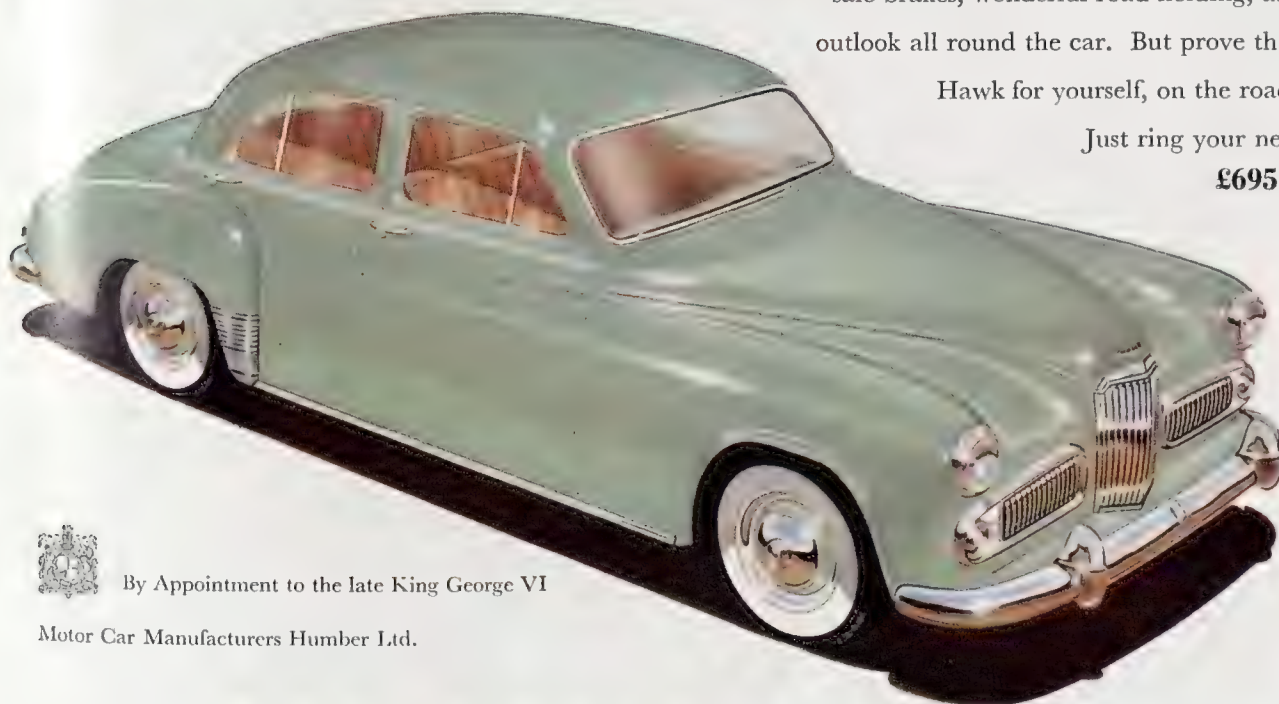
# Now I know what Humber quality means!



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 RAYON CORD MAKES **Firestone**  
**THE STRONGEST AND**  
**LONGEST WEARING TYRES**  
 YOU CAN BUY



Fit **Firestone** LEAKPROOF TUBES—they cost no more!



## Flying

# The Art Of Getting Off The Deck

**R**UNNING out of runway is a perpetual risk with many modern aircraft. They carry so much weight for their power and for their wing surface that the take off becomes a desperate race between the development of lift and the disappearance of concrete. It is a tribute to the mechanical trustworthiness of modern engines that take off crashes are not more frequent. This process of dashing along the ground to get into the air is a dangerous nuisance and so we must welcome all attempts to eliminate it. These attempts are of two kinds; those which ameliorate the tangential take off and landing performance of the conventional aircraft and those which make radical alterations in the aircraft to enable it to take off and land vertically.

We have seen samples of both recently. First there was the admirable demonstration of the Hurel-Dubois organized by F. G. Miles at Shoreham. The aircraft, with a load of passengers and test equipment, repeatedly took off from grass in 200 metres and landed in 100 metres. The means used to obtain this remarkable performance is the pair of high aspect ratio, strut-braced wings. High aspect ratio means that the span is great in relation to chord or depth of the wing from leading to trailing edge. The wings form a long, narrow

**M**ONSIEUR HUREL has been the apostle of high aspect ratio and of wide struts, set at a fairly flat angle and so contributing to the lift. He built a small experimental machine and now he has built this large passenger aircraft. Its achievements in take off and landing, and in economy of operation in the air, are astounding.

There is, I believe, a plan for Mr. and Mrs. Miles and Mr. George Miles to build the Hurel-Dubois in England and I hope it succeeds. The Miles firm is rapidly coming back into full action and this manufacturing programme would bring it again to the posi-

tion it used to hold—a thing that would delight all who believe in aviation.

Then there is the other way of eliminating long runs at take off and landing; by employing power to give direct lift. There are several ways of doing this; one of them is the ordinary helicopter, but there are other ways which at the moment appear to be more promising than the helicopter method.

**A**MONG them is boundary layer suction and controlled circulation. The boundary layer is a thin layer of air which is next the surfaces of the aircraft, such as the wing. If this layer is held firmly down and prevented from becoming turbulent the resistance of the aircraft goes down and the lift goes up. A means of holding the boundary layer down is by riddling the wing surface with small perforations and then causing suction to be applied inside the wing. Remarkable increases in lift are obtainable in this way and a vast amount of experimental work has been done on so-called suction wings. Dr. A. A. Griffith, who is now with Rolls-Royce, is one of the authorities on suction wings.

Circulation control is related to boundary layer control, but it would not be appropriate here to go into the details of the differences. It is sufficient to say that the two together might enable any aircraft with ordinary fixed wings to take off almost vertically from the ground. Used in quite a normal way with existing aircraft, they could reduce the taking off run to half the present distance, and a point to be noted is that it is easier to arrange for suction wings and controlled circulation when the power unit is a gas turbine than when it is a piston engine.

**I**AM convinced that we are on the eve of sensational developments with suction wings and that these developments may at last enable a halt to be called to the extension of runways. I feel that suction wing aircraft might be able to do nearly everything that helicopters can do and also to be efficient and safe flying machines working on the lines of a conventional aeroplane. It is known to every-



SIR HUDSON FYSH, K.B.E., D.F.C. is chairman of Qantas Empire Airways, which is taking over the service from Australia to the U.S. and Canada. It will eventually link with B.O.A.C. at San Francisco

body in aviation that work is proceeding intensively on these suction wings in many countries, and it remains to be seen who will first achieve useful practical results.

There is also the brute force method of obtaining direct lift; that is by sticking the aircraft up on its tail and giving it an engine powerful enough to lift it vertically. This is the method which is being developed in America by the United States Navy and the United States Air Force. It ought to be under development here, but the Ministry of Supply has been backward in this kind of work.

**F**RANCE still produces men who are capable of many skills and whose interests range over a wide field. One is M. Jacques Noetinger, a pilot who has flown a vast number of different kinds of aircraft, from miniature light aeroplanes to jet-driven military machines, and who has written about them with the greatest skill. He has also provided photographs of them and occasionally drawings. It is proper, therefore, that he should write a book devoted to aircrews. It is called *Equipages à l'Action* and is published by the Presses Mondiales, Paris. Containing over one hundred photographs by M. Dengremont, it describes the work of the aircrew when the aircraft is in flight. It also has some fine descriptions of air events, such as the escape by M. Bourricau, test pilot of Fouga, from an aircraft which had broken in the air. Noetinger reports this happening in the vividest terms.

—Oliver Stewart



A REVOLUTIONARY  
AIRCRAFT DESIGN

At Shoreham Aerodrome, where the new Hurel-Dubois plane was demonstrated, are Mrs. Blossom Miles, M. Fischl (pilot) and M. Hurel, who designed this high-lift plane



G/Capt. K. L. Sondhi, M. Hurel, General Valin, Insp. Gen. of the French Air Force, Mr. F. G. Miles, M. Fischl and Mr. George Miles discussing the plane's performance



## BEAUTY

# Easter Parade Preparations

*ALL ready for the Easter parade, and looking forward to the few days holiday? Mad-hatterish days, in which eggs turn up for breakfast in a variety of colours (never thought up by any hen), fluffy chicks and woolly lambs appear on the table, hot buns are eaten first thing in the morning—and, best of all, much receiving and giving of cards and presents*



**N**OT for many years have the shops looked more decorative or shown such imagination in presenting novelties for the children. You can see some I found on my Shopping Pages, 126-127. Grown-ups have not been entirely forgotten and are able to indulge the whim for something new, which is an intrinsic part of the Easter feeling.

If we are lucky and the weather is warm, we shall all be casting clouts—pooh! to waiting till May—wearing light frocks and short sleeves and looking gay and summery.

Looking summery? Maybe there is a snag here. Heavy coats and long-sleeved dresses are conveniently concealing, and during the winter such odd spots as arms and elbows are

apt to get forgotten. With the change to more airy attire, it is often quite obvious that they have been neglected and are in need of a little concentrated attention.

**I**F you can spare the time, the best and quickest way of getting them into good fettle again is to go to one of the beauty salons that specialize in hand and arm treatments and let the experts work on them. It is wonderful how quickly the colour of the skin can be lightened and the texture improved. If, on the other hand, you live too far away, or for any other reason cannot get to the salons, good results can be achieved at home, although it may take a little longer.

First step in treating elbows that have become roughened is to make a good lather of soap and scrub briskly until they are pink and glowing. This stimulates the circulation, which is always of the greatest importance in refining the skin. Then cut a lemon in two, dig the tip of the elbow into one half, and turn this round and round, squeezing the juice out as you do so. Use the other half for the other elbow.

**N**EXT, pour some olive oil into a couple of small basins and stand these in hot water until the oil is pleasantly warm. Place one elbow in each basin and sit for five or ten minutes to allow the oil to seep well in. You can have the basins on a table, prop your chin in your hands and read while this is going on. Take the elbows out of the basins and wipe off the oil. You will find that it has had a wonderfully softening effect. Lastly, work in a little lemon jelly; an excellent one is called "Lem-skin." I suggest this as being a good finish to the treatment, because it not only softens the skin, but helps to whiten it and so carry on the good work that the fresh lemon has begun.

This treatment is a splendid way, too, of caring for the hands and getting them into summery condition. After using the oil for the elbows, it can be re-heated and used for the fingers. Incidentally, this is one of the best ways I know for softening the cuticles, and when wiping off the oil you will find a great improvement in the look of the "half-moons."

**W**HILE talking of hands, I must not forget to give you some good Easter news about a new barrier cream created by Steiner of Grosvenor Street, called "Liquiglove." This can best be described as an all-purpose hand preparation, because it acts as a barrier cream for dry work, and for wet work, nourishes the skin and protects it against the drying effects of detergents and harsh weather.

A last word. If, just as you are setting forth to an Easter party, you find that for some reason or other (smoking, preparing vegetables, painting the house or gardening) your hands have become stained, "weep no more." The stain can be removed quite easily with a preparation which has recently come on to the market, called BANTOL. If ever there was a boon, this is it.

—Jean Cleland



This girl with the Easter look knows the value of lemon juice for whitening and softening the skin



*the name of authority in furs*

Bradleys

2 WELBECK STREET, W.1



Peter Clark

A cape of black dyed Persian Lamb over a waistcoat of brown dyed Persian Lamb, designed and made by

Bradleys  
PERSIAN LAMB. PLACED TO





TONBRIDGE SCHOOL 1st XI, 1953. Back: R. F. Crang, R. A. Clay, F. D. M. Taylor, Maurice Tate (coach), R. M. Gracey, C. M. Smith, C. S. Fleetwood. Front: P. M. Odell, J. Kitching, P. H. C. Fuente, J. D. Lewis, A. R. Nichols

## OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS

By S. A. PATMAN

# The Great Batsmen Of Tonbridge



The fine central porch of Tonbridge School, whose motto is "Deus Dat Incrementum"

TONBRIDGE School, which celebrated its fourth centenary last year, was founded and endowed by Sir Andrew Judd, a distinguished member of the ancient City Guild, the Skinners Company. Sir Andrew, by letters patent in 1553, constituted himself Governor during his lifetime

and appointed the Skinners Company as Governors after his death, which occurred five years later.

Every Tonbridgian must recall, however vaguely, the beautiful Bidding Prayer read annually by the headmaster in the course of the Skinners Day service in the parish church, which summarizes Sir Andrew's career.

SITE of the old school building was within the grounds the school still occupies adjoining the High Street. The original building was demolished in 1863 after serving its purpose for just over three centuries, and all that remains of the Edward VI structure is the foundation stone, now placed over the headmaster's porch. Another interesting object to recall the earliest days, one that has been in continuous use, is the original chair, rather crude and formidable in design, provided by Sir Andrew for the Reverend John Proctor, the first headmaster.

Thus is briefly outlined the story of its foundation, and from this obscure school of the sixteenth century in the little market town

of Tonbridge has emerged one of the leading public schools of our time.

Until about the middle of the last century, cricket at Tonbridge was confined to annual matches against the town club and the old boys, but a few years later mention is made of the cricket eleven being a recognized body with special "colours," the real start of organized cricket at the school. Just after the turn of the century Tonbridge cricket had reached a high level and in the last fifty years has produced many fine elevens and players of outstanding ability. The virtues of Tonbridge cricket in that era are the possession of a splendid ground, so carefully tended by Harry Luff for many years, and the fortune of the school in possessing a succession of excellent coaches in R. L. Aston, H. O. Whitby, C. C. G. Wright, a distinguished Cambridge athlete, and his successor, C. H. Knott, the old Oxonian and Kent County cricketer who is still guiding the fortunes of Tonbridge cricket, with Maurice Tate, the famous Test bowler, as professional.

NATURALLY on these splendid wickets batsmen of renown have far outnumbered bowlers of class. Old Tonbridgians of an earlier generation and cricket enthusiasts of Kent will recall the brilliant batting and superb fielding of the immortal Kenneth Hutchins, later to play such an important part in the county side and to represent England in Test matches.

In the next decade came F. H. Knott, one of the few boys to exceed one thousand runs at school, the Lancastrian F. W. Musson, and after 1918 that great personality, the hard-hitting Lionel Hedges, C. H. Knott, and N. B. Sherwell, the Middlesex wicketkeeper. Names of the thirties are T. A. Crawford, J. G. W. Davies, later to play cricket and Rugby for Kent, and the outstanding games player M. C. Cowdrey, who has represented Oxford University at cricket, racquets and real tennis, and Kent at cricket.

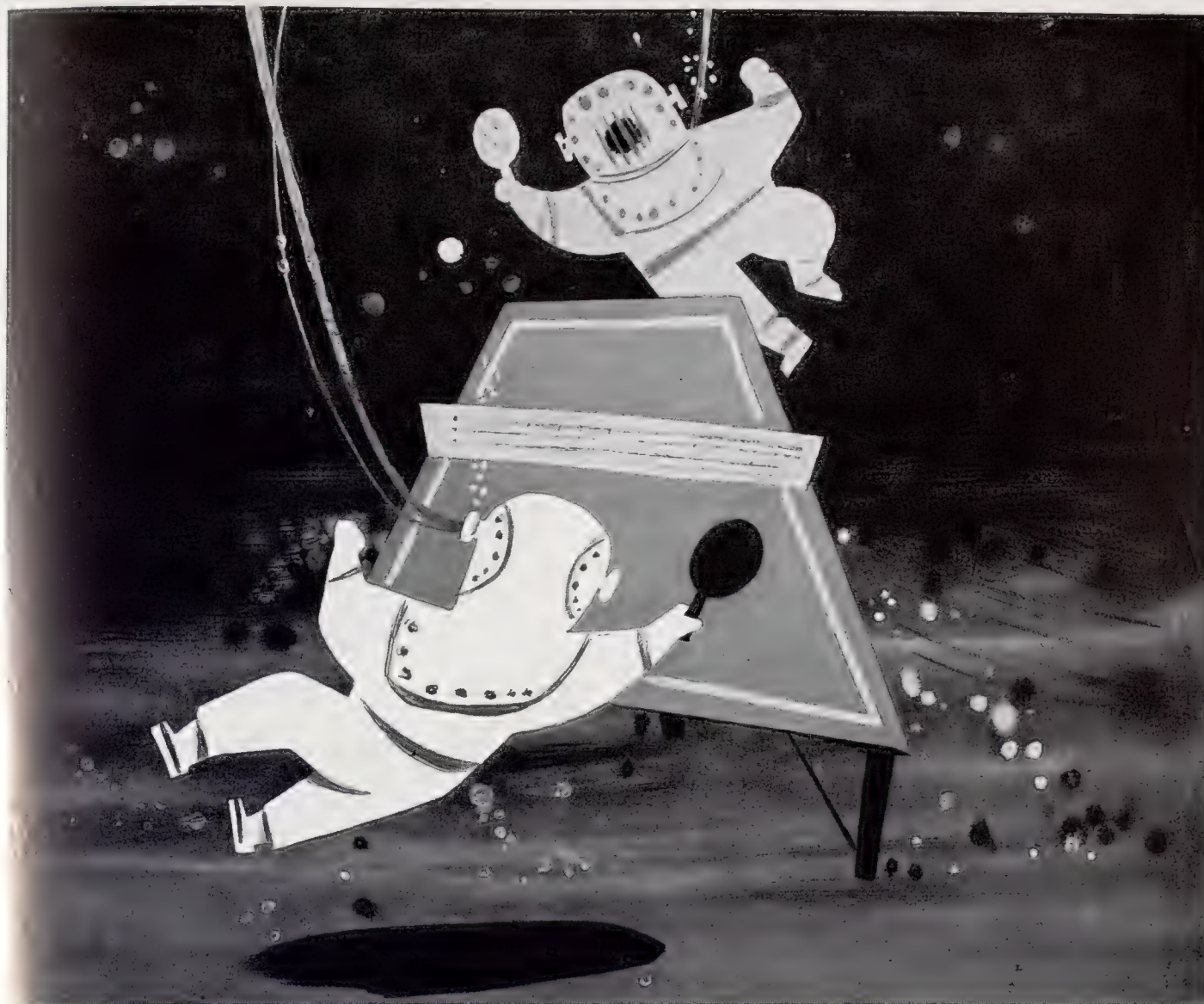
In the early days of football every locality or school played in its own way, and we find the Tonbridge game played with thirteen a side, but local customs were superseded on the formation of the Rugby Union in 1871, and the Rugby game was adopted in place of the rather primitive Tonbridge game of that period. While the school has produced many prominent Rugby players, two stand out pre-eminently, C. H. Pillman, who was quite indispensable to England between 1910 and 1914, and the brilliant scrum half A. T. Young, of ten years later. Both made eighteen international appearances.

It is interesting to note that Sir Rupert De la Bère, who was Lord Mayor of London in Coronation Year (the School's fourth centenary), was educated at Tonbridge, and has been six times Master of the Skinners Company. Thus he is linked with that Elizabethan Lord Mayor who founded the School and was also a Skinner.



The Queen Mother signing the Visitors' Book when she opened the new gateway last October. With her are (left) the Rev. L. H. Waddy, Headmaster, and Mr. G. A. Hill, D.S.O., Master of the Skinners Company

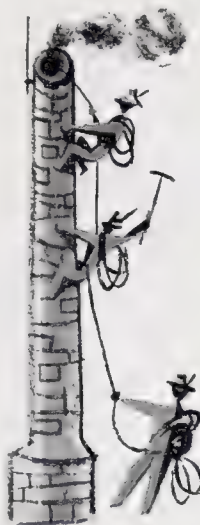




## The Schweppshire Way of Life

### 2. SWEATED LEISURE

"It is in the do of doing that the use of useless lies..." And for those who choose the descending moving staircase as their path in the race up the ladder of life, this dictum of our Exischweppsialist Philosophy will be self-evident. Cora Punt, at the age of eight, was able to recite page 72 of Bradshaw's Railway Guide backwards, and engrave the first twelve stanzas of *Don Juan* on a single piece of bread and butter. See, here, the



difficult yet pointless Plinge-plonge, or Underwater Ping-pong. Though they lost their singles against the Latvians, our boys nearly won a game in the doubles and show real promise at this testing sport.

INSET. "Technically an interesting climb", said Major Colwyn-Bates, first up the difficult smoke-stack of this famous north country boiler factory. Air Marshal Plank, who organized the climb, told how the brickwork, though the smoke-stack was rotted with the fumes of typical smoke, offered scant foothold. "But the Schwerpas were splendid", he added, and all agreed that up to Ventilator 4, nobody could possibly have done without them.

Written by Stephen Potter, designed by Lewitt-Him.

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH



# The Englishman's Guide to Smirnoff Vodka



The Island Race are among the world's most discerning drinkers. They are, however, notably conservative in their tastes, preferring to stick to what they know than experiment with alien beverages of doubtful potency. Believing, however, that Englishmen\* should share in the pleasures of cocktail imbibers in other lands, we gladly provide a few facts about the world-famous Smirnoff Vodka.

1. Smirnoff Vodka is a smooth palatable drink, no stronger than your Gin, Whisky or Rum.

2. Smirnoff Vodka is today one of America's most popular drinks, where it is used as the blending spirit for new and established cocktails as well as for long drinks.

3. Smirnoff Vodka makes a most attractive drink taken straight "à la Russe," especially when accompanied by savouries.

4. Smirnoff Vodka is made in this country according to the traditional recipe used by Pierre Smirnoff, purveyor of Vodka to the Imperial Court of Russia.

Try Smirnoff instead of Gin in your favourite cocktail. Try a VODKATINI (Smirnoff Vodka and Vermouth mixed in your favourite proportions) and a SCREWDRIVER (Smirnoff Vodka and Orange Juice).

\*To say nothing of the Scots, the Welsh and those of the Irish whose pleasures know no frontier.

TRY IT STRAIGHT. TRY IT BLENDED



OBTAINABLE FROM ALL GOOD WINE MERCHANTS, CLUBS AND BARS

Ste. Pierre Smirnoff Fls., Oval Rd., Regents Park, London, N.W.1. Sole distributors in U.K., W. & A. Gilbey, Ltd

## TWO REMARKABLE YOUNG MEN



Mr. Toynbee has pictured, and pictured well, the truculent, fearless splendour of that existence. Jasper Ridley has proved a more difficult character to anatomize—a character of whom it has been harder to convey the essential quality. Intellect, something better than fastidiousness, distinguished this hater of any limelight: inseparable from the study of Jasper Ridley is that of the Oxford of his day, of the young men of Beaumont Street in particular, and of the bevy known as the Liberal Girls. The marriage to Cressida Bonham Carter took place only a short time before the outbreak of war. Taken prisoner, he died in the course of an attempt to escape, in Italy.

FRIENDS APART has naturally, and I think properly, involved Mr. Toynbee in a self-portrait—on whose unselfconsciousness, liveliness and unmauvikishness he is to be congratulated. The subject-interest of this book would, in any event, commend it to many readers—these two remarkable dead young men have innumerable other living friends. Written as it is written by Mr. Toynbee, this book is more than a memoir, it is a work of literature. Brilliant and full of feeling, it is a reconstruction of an overcast but none the less golden age.

★ ★ ★

GO TELL IT ON THE MOUNTAIN (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.), first novel of a young Negro author, James Baldwin, has already had an exciting reception in America, and can hardly fail to leave its mark upon us. Son of a Harlem clergyman, and himself at the age of fourteen for some time a preacher, Mr. Baldwin has taken as his subject adolescence, plus religious experience. Genius glows through this book, from the first page—whereon we meet the fourteen-year-old hero Johnny in procession with the rest of his family down "sinful" Lenox Avenue, on their elect Sunday way to the church called "The Temple Of The Fire Baptised."

The author is in no special sense concerned with the colour question; rather, it is the universality of his theme which gives his story its wide appeal. Inevitably, interest must attach to this picture of a family's life in New York's coloured quarter, and to those evocations of the South which come through in the older characters' flashback memories. For experience is not confined to the youthful Johnny: his father Gabriel, his aunt Florence, his mother Elizabeth all, in the course of the Sunday service, relive their lives in the form of anguishing prayer.

Something Old Testament-like, dire and majestic inhabits these persons turning from doom to God: never blacker has loomed up the sense of sin. Like fire, ecstasy sweeps through the ranks of worshippers: at the core of the story, throughout, something stays sane and true.

I note one American critic says: "It is a cliché to say that a first novel shows promise. But what does one say when a first novel is a fulfilment?"

★ ★ ★

LIGHT reading, of an astringent kind, is CONSULT YOUR PILLOW, by John Coates (Gollancz, 10s. 6d.). This author (who has already given us *Poker And I* and *Patience*) well merits his established name for audacity. Tempting to quote, harder to criticize, Mr. Coates relays to us the mishaps and adventures of Eric Cooper, artist turned business man, his serene wife Norah, and his successive secretaries Kay and Micheline. In and out of London, Paris and Ealing hedge-hops this ever-beguiling chronicle. The dialogue could hardly be as funny as it is—or should one say funny the way it is?—without from time to time calling to mind the earlier novels of Evelyn Waugh.

## GRAMOPHONE NOTES

THE gramophone record and record tokens have solved the problem of many Christmas presents and I believe can take their place in the lists of gifts for Easter. Therefore, I suggest the following as well worth consideration to this end.

Benny Carter with his orchestra does not appear over-frequently in the supplements, but when he does he has the happy knack of offering, as a rule, something that should be heard. His recent presentation of his own "Sunday Afternoon" and Alfred Newman's "Blue Mountain" are by no means exceptions to the Carter rule. (H.M.V. B.10644.)

"Blue Pacific Blues," from the latest Rita Hayworth film *Miss Sadie Thompson*, is played, as in the film, by harmonica player Leo Diamond, bearing the stamp of Borrah Minnevitich, with whom Diamond featured as soloist and arranger. He is supported by Van Alexander and his Orchestra and couples this haunting melody with a first-rate performance of "On The Mall" (Columbia D.B.3437).

And Lou Monte, with Hugo Winterhalter and his Orchestra, shows expert versatility singing "I Know How You Feel" and that grand old "oldie," "Darktown Strutters Ball." (H.M.V. B.10646.)

Robert Tredinnick

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WITH  
**ICA**

## YOUR QUESTIONS ANSWERED

We knew the difference Shell with I.C.A would make, so we urged motorists to "try the two-tankful test". Millions have. They have found the result a revelation. Naturally, they started asking questions — we received many in the post, and service station people have told about many more.

**Will Shell with I.C.A make your engine run more smoothly?**  
Cars suffer from pre-ignition "rough running" due to combustion-chamber deposits than their owners realise. I.C.A entirely eliminates this fault. (This, of course, is why we invited motorists to try the two-tankful test.)

**Will Shell with I.C.A give your engine more power and more miles per gallon?**  
Pre-ignition (which the majority of car owners do not realise is happening) and spark plug fouling; these both cause loss of power. Shell with I.C.A makes good this loss, so it enables your engine to give its maximum power. Similarly by eliminating this loss of power you will get more miles per gallon.

**Will Shell with I.C.A help a new engine?**  
A new engine is protected from the start by I.C.A from pre-ignition and plug shorts.

**Will Shell with I.C.A help an old engine?**  
Yes. I.C.A has already restored lost zest to many high-mileage cars.

**Can you safely go back to an ordinary petrol?**

Yes, but you will rapidly lose the unique conditioning effects of I.C.A. Unconditioned deposits will build up again, and you are liable to get pre-ignition and plug fouling.

**Will Shell with I.C.A improve your acceleration?**

This entirely depends on the state of your combustion-chambers and plugs. Many motorists have commented on the improvement they have found.

**Will Shell with I.C.A react with additives in other fuel or lubricants?**

No. I.C.A will not "clash" with any additives in commercial use today.

**Is there a better petrol on the market?**

You cannot buy a better petrol than Shell at any price. Most of the reasons are here. If you have any other particular questions you would like answered, write to Technical Department, Shell-Mex House, London, W.C.2.

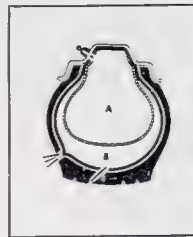


Try the two-tankful test.

# He's just had a tyre burst



## but they're safe on Lifeguards



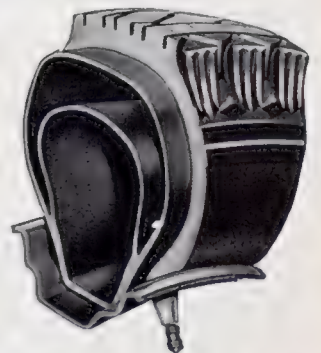
Now, today, you can be completely safe from tyre burst dangers. How? By fitting Lifeguards — the Safety Tubes by Goodyear that in 18 years and millions of motoring miles *have never been known to fail*. If a tyre bursts you can bring your car to a smooth, safe controlled stop. No lurch, no "snatch", no alarming swerve across the road.

### Far outlast ordinary tubes

Lifeguard Safety Tubes are as easy to repair as ordinary tubes, outlast them for wear — and outwear three or more sets of tyres. Here's real economy for you . . . plus safety to life — value which no one can measure. Call in today at your tyre supplier — Lifeguards are available for most popular tyre sizes.

### The tube-within-a-tube

The principle is simple. The Lifeguard consists of a tough two-ply fabric tube built inside the normal tube. The two tubes are connected by a special two-way air valve. Should the outer tube burst, the reserve of air in the inner chamber escapes slowly through the two-way valve . . . the inner tube takes the sudden impact, releases its air slowly. A burst is made as harmless as a slow leak!



# LIFEGUARD

Safety tubes by

# GOODYEAR

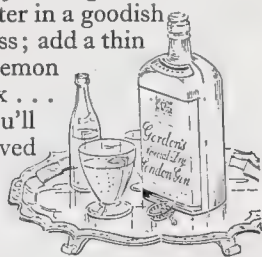




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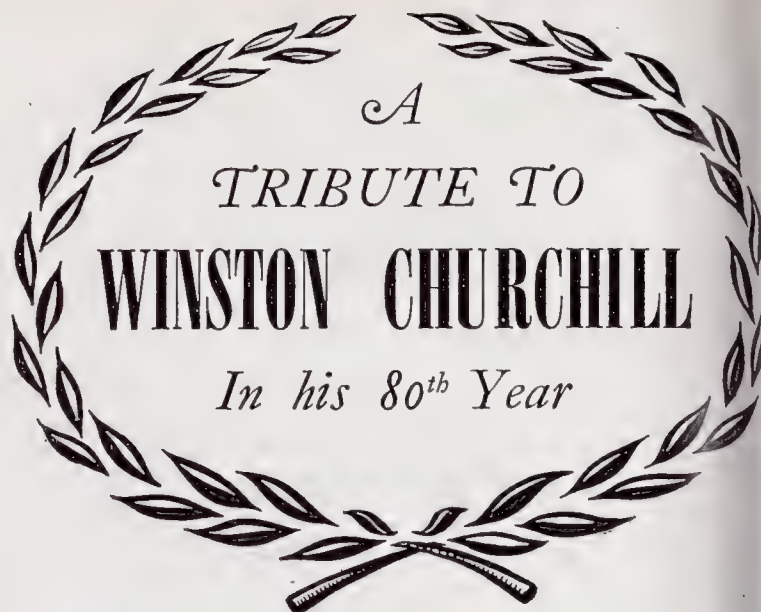
Not to be confused with gin and orange squash, these Gordon favourites are made in the traditional way with Gordon's Dry Gin, real oranges and lemons, and pure cane sugar. Best taken neat as a liqueur, but also most refreshing with Soda Water or Tonic Water if preferred.



*Vermouth*

## CINZANO

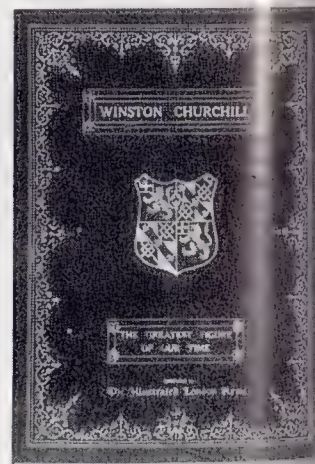
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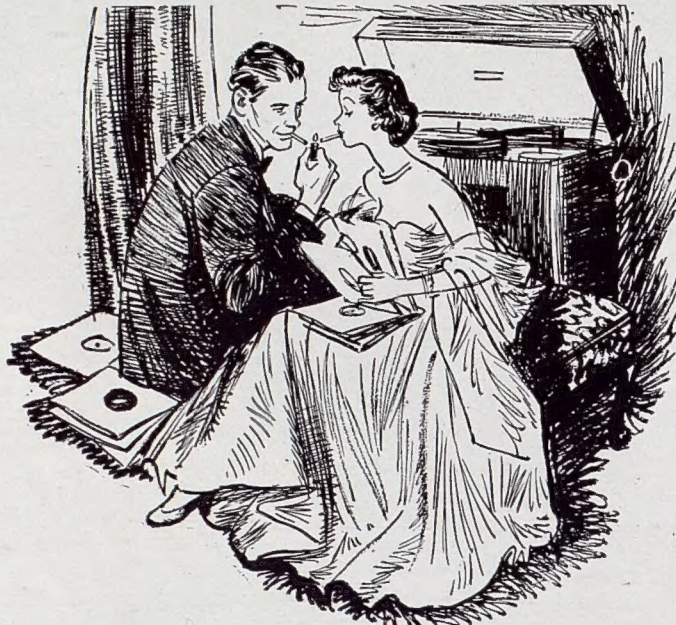
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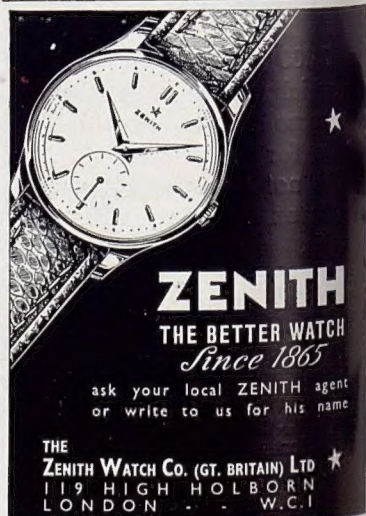
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